DOROTHEA TRUDEL

OR

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

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DOROTHEA TRUDEL;

OR,

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

SHOWING THE REMARKABLE MANNER IN WHICH LARGE NUMBERS OF SICK PERSONS WERE HEALED IN ANSWER TO SPECIAL PRAYER.

Rebised and Enlarged Edition.

WITH A SKETCH OF THE INSTITUTION AT MÄNNEDORF, AS NOW CONDUCTED BY HER SUCCESSORS, AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY CHARLES CULLIS, M. D.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—JAMES v. 15.

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church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

They seemed so very plain, that I often asked of my own heart, Why, if I can rely on God's word, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," and every day verify its truth in the supply of the daily needs of the various work committed to my care, — why can not I also trust Him to fulfill his promises as to the healing of the body, "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up*"? I could not see why, with such explicit and unmistakable promises, I should limit the present exercise of God's power. I began to inquire of earnest Christians whether they knew of any instances of answers to prayer for the healing of the body. Soon afterward the Life of Dorothea Trudel fell into my hands, which strengthened my convictions, and the inquiry was raised, "If God can perform such wonders in Männedorf, why not in Boston?"

At this time I had under my professional care a Christian lady, with a tumor which confined her almost continuously to her bed in severe suffering. All remedies were unavailing, and the only human

hope was the knife; but feeling in my own heart the power of the promise, I one morning sat down by her bedside, and taking up the Bible, I read aloud God's promise to his believing children, "*And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.*"

I then asked her if she would trust the Lord to remove this tumor and restore her to health, and to her missionary work? She replied, "I have no particular faith about it, but am willing to trust the Lord for it."

I then knelt and anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, asking Him to fulfill his own word. Soon after I left, she got up and walked three miles. From that time the tumor rapidly lessened, until all trace of it at length disappeared.

Some time afterward, this lady gave testimony in a public meeting to the cure wrought in her by the prayer of faith, and a sorrowing wife present, whose husband was sick with consumption, went home and repeated to him the story. At my request he has written out the case as follows:—

"W———, NEAR BOSTON, March, 1872.

"I was first confined to my house in November, 1870, with a violent cold. I lost my voice complete-

ly, suffered with pain in my lungs, and expectorated almost constantly. I grew worse every day, and in a week called in a physician. On examination he found my lungs diseased. I also had fever. With all his care my cough grew worse, and night sweats set in. A few weeks later my wife was told by the doctor that my lungs were badly ulcerated, and that, my case being hopeless, it was not worth while for him to attend longer; also that she must not be surprised if I should pass away suddenly. I then tried some highly recommended patent medicine, which seemed only to increase my disease.

"When I became so weak as to be nearly helpless, Dr. Cullis was called in. He sounded my lungs, and gave the same verdict, saying that my only hope for recovery was in the Lord. My wife pleaded in the name of Jesus for my restoration; but diarrhea set in, and my feet began to swell. She, however, continued to pray earnestly, urging me to pray for myself. I could not do it, as I had no desire in the matter apart from the will of God, who had dealt with me so graciously in all my sickness, that I delighted in his will. If it was alone of his goodness to me that you desired me to write, I would not know where to end. During the next summer I seemed to gain, but was so de-

pendent on my medicine, that a single day's omission would aggravate my distress. As autumn advanced, I felt that my disease was gaining ground.

"At length my wife heard, at a meeting for Christian holiness at the house of Dr. Cullis, Miss D. narrate her recovery from a tumor by the power of faith. Returning home, she repeated it to me. I knew that my Father in heaven was no respecter of persons, and the more I thought upon it and read the precious promises of God, the more I was convinced that '*the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.*' Believing that He *is* faithful that promised, I now sent for Dr. Cullis to come and pray with me. Dr. and Mrs. Cullis, with my wife, went with me into an upper room, where we knelt before God. Dr. C. prayed, anointed me with oil, and in the name of the Lord Jesus commanded me to be healed. Instantly my whole being was thrilled with an unknown power, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. From the moment I believed, the work *was done!* My lungs, so long diseased, breathed with new vigor, and I returned thanks to God for the results of faith. Since that memorable night I have taken no medicine, and my health has been constantly improving, so that I am

feeling better now than I did before my sickness. To God be all the glory!"

The son of a medical friend, of earnest Christian character, fell from a shed and broke one of the bones of his fore arm, so fully, that the edges of the broken bone almost projected through the skin. A brother of the physician set the arm in splints in the usual way. That evening, as the father stood at the child's door, he saw him rise from his bed, and kneel down in prayer. He said, in child-like, unwavering faith, —

"Dear Jesus, make my arm all well now, because it aches."

He got into bed again, and immediately was in a quiet, sweet sleep. The next morning he came to his father and said, —

"Papa, I want you to take these things off, because my arm is well," — meaning the splints.

"No, my son," said the father; "you will have to wait several weeks for the bones to unite."

"Yes, papa, but I asked Jesus to make it all well, and He has done it. Don't you believe Jesus, papa?"

The child then turned to his uncle, and begged him to take off the splints, and through the day continued to press the same request.

The next morning he commenced again, and pleaded so earnestly, that the father began to feel that there was more in the child's faith than he had supposed; and turning to his brother, he requested him to take them off. The reply was, "I would not take them off for five hundred dollars."

The father said, "Then I am going to do it."

"You are crazy to think of such a thing," said the uncle.

Nevertheless, the father took the splints off, and the arm which had been broken was found as sound as the other! His brother nearly fainted, and had to hasten to the door for fresh air. This unmistakable interposition of God, in answer to the child's prayer of faith, was the means of the conversion of the boy's uncle, who had been an infidel.

This narrative we received from the father himself, who is the highly esteemed medical attendant on many of our Pennsylvania readers.

These narrations are but samples of a large number, to whom the Lord has made good his promise of restoration through faith, under my immediate personal observation and knowledge. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you" that the Lord should bestow upon his church in this day the same "spirit of faith with power,"

with which the first communities of Christians were endowed.

It is right to add, that a few instances have occurred in which I seemed to my own consciousness to have the same faith, and yet the healing did not follow. I offer no theory upon this subject. I simply state facts, and leave the rest with God. And yet I can conceive wherefore He who alone knows the end from the beginning, decides why some should be saved, and others left to suffer and to die. It is not always that even those who are Christians have used a restoration to health or to life, to their own blessing and the glory of God.

CHARLES CULLIS.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL;

OR, THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

GIFTS OF HEALING.

NUMEROUS rumors reached England, at various times during the years intervening between 1850 and 1860, of marvelous cures effected, at some two or three places on the Continent, solely by the power of simple, believing prayer.

It was credibly reported by English travelers who had visited some parts of Germany and Switzerland, that there were dwelling in certain localities persons of godly reputation and saintly life — persons whose sincerity of heart and devotedness

to Christ none could gainsay — persons who presented themselves a daily living sacrifice in the service of their Divine Master, who ventured to take that Master at his word, and to accept his exhortation with its attached promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive," as worthy of their confiding obedience. Thús believing, they were led by a train of providences, and by the course of events not of their own devising, to take a deep interest in the spiritual and bodily condition of the sick and the afflicted. Whilst seeking the soul's health of those who thronged around them, — many from far distant parts, — they also confidently and earnestly besought the Lord to relieve the persons thus coming from the diseases and maladies under which they suffered. They prayed over such, believing that God would be faithful to his own word, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," and that the promised results would follow.

And the results *did* follow. The prayer of faith *did* "save the sick," and they were raised up. Not only so; these simple-hearted, praying, believing people were privileged to receive a yet fuller and more blessed answer in beholding the recovery from the disease of sin, and the introduction to a new life in Christ, of numbers of those who came

for deliverance from bodily sickness. "The effectual fervent prayer" of the righteous still "availeth much." "The Lord hearkened" to the voice of the supplications of these prayerful souls, and gave them to witness not only the physical healing of those who gathered around them, but also to see in many of the patients the further fulfillment of the word of the Lord, "If he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Away from the busy hum of men, but little disturbed by the political or commercial activities that stimulate and excite more populous communities, calmly lying on the border of the Lake of Zurich, and sheltered by the hills which fringe the lake, is to be found the little Swiss village of Männedorf. It is such a spot as might be chosen for a resting-place by one weary of the world's strife, and seeking to pass his remaining days in quietness and peace. The village is deemed too insignificant to be marked upon our maps; and its name would probably have been unknown beyond the immediate locality, but that it has obtained a certain celebrity from having been the place of residence of Dorothea Trudel, one of those devoted Christians to whom reference has been made, and whose life and death we propose to depict in the following pages.

Again, on the other side of the Rhine, and across the German frontier, in the heart of the Black Forest, is to be found the small Lutheran village of Möttlingen; and here, under the influence of Pastor Blumhardt, there have been witnessed answers to prayer as remarkable, and cases of cure as miraculous, as those that are vouched as having occurred in the Swiss canton, and in the dwelling of Dorothea Trudel. As regards Blumhardt and his work and labor of love, it may be emphatically said, "The pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hand."

To how many, none can tell, until the day shall declare it; but it is commonly believed that hundreds found their visits to Möttlingen and Männedorf to be to them, spiritually as well as bodily, as "life from the dead."

Beneath a famous portrait of one of the great Protestant reformers may be read these words from the Vulgate: "*In silentio et in spe vestra fortitudo est.*" "In silence and hope is your strength;" or, as it is better translated in our version, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." (Isa. xxx. 15.) This might well have been the motto of the subject of the following pages. Unostentatious and retiring in her disposition, she endured trouble and persecution

with a serenity that proved to all the truth of the words, "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble."

The compiler considers that he cannot do better than commence the present work in the words of one of the English travelers referred to — a Christian gentleman of the highest intelligence, and a man of by no means a credulous disposition. He investigated the facts upon the spot, under most favorable circumstances for inquiry, a week after the death of Dorothea Trudel. This gentleman, the writer of the following chapter, is well known as a Christian minister and the author of highly-valued religious works: his felicitous style will probably be recognized by many of our readers.

CHAPTER II.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

TRAVELERS in Switzerland have been in the habit of hearing, for some time past, of wonderful cures wrought in a remote Swiss village by a Christian woman. Exaggerated as these stories were by the time they reached the ears of strangers, they received little credence, and were soon forgotten; or, if remembered, it was only as a trait of the superstition still lingering in the heart of Protestant Europe. Wonders are out of date in the nineteenth century; there is a natural incredulity of anything like miracle, and the stories came and went, were told, and ridiculed, and dropped from year to year. Yet any one having the curiosity to visit the village of Männedorf would have been well repaid.

"It is one of the many pretty and thoroughly

Swiss hamlets that add such a charm to the scenery round Zurich, lies quietly under the shadow of the hills on the left bank of the lake, and can be reached within an hour by the Zurich steamers. It is a mere cluster of a few houses, with a pretty view in every direction over the blue water; a simple, out-of-the-way place, almost beyond the reach of the villas that are sprinkled so plentifully over both sides of the lake.

"There lived here a family of the name of Trudel, of whom two at least have reached a wider reputation than the village gossip. The mother was an excellent and pious woman, the original of a little tract that is common enough in the south of Germany — *Eine Mutter.** It was the simple tribute that one of her daughters paid to her memory, and no mother could seek a more honorable monument.

"This daughter, Dorothea, grew up what is called a poor girl. She bore an excellent character, and was also strictly religious in all her habits. But it was not till the age of twenty-two that she herself says she was converted. Her life until then had been one of strict religious observance

* A translation of EINE MUTTER (*A Mother*) forms the following chapter.

and high religious morality. She discovered that it was spiritually dead and burdensome; and under the teaching of the Holy Spirit she was led into the precious liberty of the children of God.

"From this time she was characterized by great earnestness, by singularly profound spiritual knowledge, and by a quiet, happy, and modest Christian spirit. She was a worker in flowers, and came, in time, to have workers under her; and when she was about thirty-seven, four or five of her workers fell sick. The sickness resisted all treatment, grew worse, appeared to be hopeless. She was a diligent and unselfish nurse, and as a Christian, her anxiety for the work-people drove her to earnest prayer and careful consideration of the Scriptures. It was during this period that, like a sudden light, she says, the well-known passage from the Epistle of James v. 14, 15, flashed upon her. If medical skill was unavailing, was there not prayer? And could not the same Lord who chose to heal through medicines, also heal without them? Was he necessarily restricted to the one means? There was a time when his healing power went forth directly; might it not be put forth directly still? The doctors were at fault; but was not faith in God perhaps more at fault? Agitated by these questions, she sought help in prayer.

And then, kneeling by the bedsides of these sick people, she prayed for them. They recovered; and the thought that at first had startled her became now the settled conviction of her life. A sickness broke out in the village, and where it did break out, her help, tenderness, and Christian teaching were rarely absent. She sought the recovery of the patients in answer to prayer alone. Many got better; and as the rumor spread, persons from the neighborhood came, or sent, and her leisure was fully occupied.

"Meanwhile she had resisted all solicitations to leave her ordinary work, and establish a kind of cure. Her proper calling, she considered, was the one which God had provided for her — that of a worker in flowers; her natural shyness and reserve made her shrink from publicity: but, as increased numbers came, and even besieged her doors, she was compelled to reconsider her position, and at last, with much reluctance, to receive persons into her house. This was at first out of mere compassion, when the sick had been brought from a distance, and could find no proper shelter or care if she turned them away. By degrees the one house grew into three, and her days were spent in superintendence and in constant prayer: patients came from France and Germany, and even Great Brit-

ain. There came to be, in fact, a hospital at Männedorf.

"At this time a Christian physician in the neighborhood began to entertain some scruples about the propriety of a hospital without a physician. His scruples could not be removed, but rather grew in force. A medical agitation was begun; the town council of Zurich was persuaded to interfere; and an order was issued by the government, directing the suppression of the institution. It became a serious question what to do with the sick already there; so serious that, with the advice of friends, it was determined to disobey the order, and to appeal, rather than turn them out. The appeals were lodged, tried, and defeated, and Miss Trudel was sentenced to a fine of one hundred francs and costs, on the plea that it was illegal to heal without the help of a physician. Further appeals were entered; the case was carried from court to court; and at last, in November, 1861, the judgments of the lower court were unanimously reversed, and Miss Trudel received permission to go on in her old way.

"Not, however, for long. Typhus fever broke out at Männedorf this autumn. It was a fever of unusual virulence, and tried the strength of the sick nurses to the utmost. Miss Trudel was attacked,

and gradually sank. She had a presentiment, from the first, that she should not survive. She grew delirious, but in her ravings was full of devout thought; and as the raving subsided, would sometimes utter, apparently but half conscious, most pregnant sayings.

"On Saturday morning, the 6th of September, 1862, the chaplain — if he might be so called in a house where there are no officials — went into her room, accompanied by her sister and some friends. It was about half past three, and they found her conscious and clear-minded, and in audible prayer. Contrary to her habitual reserve of feeling, she continued in prayer, uninterrupted by those standing round — a prayer that, for its humility and marvelous child-like boldness of faith, its fullness of request, its pathos, eloquence, and even sublimity, left an awe upon the listeners. So she continued till half past seven, till, in fact, she could speak no more — prayed herself into death at forty-eight; and on the following Tuesday afternoon she was buried in the village churchyard.

"This is the simple biography which I had from her friend Mr. Zeller, when I visited Männedorf the week after. Mr. Zeller, a son of the well-known founder of the Reformatory at Beuggen, had been with her since 1857, co-operating in all her

work, as fully convinced as she was, that the prayer of faith shall still save the sick. And the institution, if it may be so called, is carried on on this principle. It starts questions which, at least, are worth considering. For there seems no doubt that cures have been wrought, whatever difficulty there may be about the explanation; and there seems as little doubt that Miss Trudel was of a very genuine Christian character, that her results were arrived at in a Christian spirit, and with the deepest faith in the Bible. Nor does she seem to have been of an excitable, but rather of a quiet and sensible disposition. Neither did she seek publicity; whatever prominence she had was forced upon her by circumstances.

"During the course of the trial, authenticated cures were brought forward, it is said, to the number of some hundreds. There was one of a stiff knee, that had been treated in vain by the best physicians in France, Germany, and Switzerland; one of an elderly man who could not walk, and had also been given up by his physicians, but who soon dispensed with his crutches; a man came with a burned foot, and the surgeons said it was a case of 'either amputation or death,' and he also was cured. One of the leading physicians of Würtemberg testifies to the cure of a hopeless patient of his own.

Another remained six weeks, and says he saw all kinds of sicknesses healed. Cancer and fever have been treated with success; epilepsy and insanity more frequently than any other form of disease.

"The mode of treatment is exceedingly simple. The first and main object is to impress the heart; the cure of the body is secondary. There is a short service — a Bible hour — three times a day, and personal visitation of the patients besides. Prayer is made for them, hands are laid on them, and they are anointed with oil. I was informed that no other means were used, and that these are used simply as means; that there is no stress upon either the anointing or the laying on of hands, as if there were any virtue in either; that they are merely retained from their connection with the apostolic word. Nor in this use of prayer is there any presumption of an infallible cure. It only takes the place of medicine, 'a direct means and a simpler way.' It also may fail; it is not professed to heal all; to introduce the human will within the province of the divine. It is not even expected that the answer to prayer will be immediate. Some of the insane have remained a year before they recovered.

"But there is a close connection between the spiritual condition of the patient and the cure. In

a case of cancer of the lip, the cure was cotemporary with the sufferer's conviction of sin; and one singular example was narrated, where the progress of the cure seemed to keep pace with the spiritual history, when it seemed retarded by want of a frank repentance. There is a receptivity on the part of the patient, as well as boldness of faith on the part of the suppliant.

"Until the recent outburst of fever, the patients filled the houses. There were two *tables d'hôte* daily, and as many as eighty sat down at the first. Many were relieved free; but as Miss Trudel had no means, those who were able paid a small sum, varying from four to ten francs a week, yet not enough to cover the expenses. Patients may be attended by their own physicians if they wish; nor is medical skill despised. But it is held that Christians may be restored without it; and, I fear, this may have developed into a theory that, while medical aid will always be necessary for unbelievers, Christians ought simply to wait on God in prayer.

"The stranger breathes a healthy Christian atmosphere in this place. There is no mistaking the genuine Christian tone — the tone of a higher Christian life; of a strange and more child-like faith; of a deeper consciousness of spiritual power

than is at all common. There is no denying that Miss Trudel has been the means of quickening many Christian people; that her personal ministry has been the greatest blessing to the neighborhood; that her hand has been a centre of spiritual life within a circle of prevailing spiritual death; that men like Tholuck and Prelate Kapff sifted her work, and expressed their confidence in her as a child of God. On that work I do not venture to express any opinion. Most men with whom I have spoken in Germany say it is too recent; let us delay our judgment. But it is worth record as a feature of the Christian life of our century. Nor is it solitary. Others are reported working similarly in other parts of Switzerland. Pastor Blumhardt, of Würtemberg, has had his house crowded with patients for years. Dr. Bushnell, in his 'Nature and the Supernatural,' reports like instances from America. There is no supposition of fraud. Will mesmerism, animal magnetism, the power of sympathy, be adequate explanation? Or is there still a prayer of faith that *shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up?*"

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHEA'S MOTHER.

BEFORE entering upon the narrative of Miss Trudel's own life-history, we cannot do better than here introduce, as an appropriate preface thereto, the true story of *Eine Mutter* (*A Mother*). It will describe, more naturally than we could do it, the circumstances amidst which the mind of Dorothea was developed, and the influences, adverse as well as favorable, under which her character was formed.

It has been tritely said, "If there were more Hannahs there would be more Samuels." How many who are prophets in Israel have owed, under God, the honor in which they are held, and the grace which they possess, to the mothers who, in habitual prayer, presented them before the Lord! It was thus with the subject of our memoir; she was trained in a holy home, and amidst her ear-

liest memories she could recall a mother's prayers. No marvel that the seed thus sown should in due time bring forth its rightful fruit. God's promises were abundantly fulfilled in the case of Madame Trudel. She trained up her children in the way that they should go, and when they grew up they departed not from that narrow path which leadeth unto life. "Her children *did* rise up and call her blessed."

Eine Mutter

(A MOTHER):

THE TRUE STORY OF A MOTHER'S LIFE.

A witness for the truth desires to record, for the glory of God and the blessing of souls, some memorials of a mother's life; one who, amidst deep suffering and crushing trial, pressed forward on her pilgrim way, suppressing every murmur that the hardships of her lot might naturally have called forth, and leaving behind her the glory of a bright example, an example which has been a source of daily encouragement and daily strength to those who were privileged to call her "mother."

She was steadfast in the faith during the many years of her earthly pilgrimage, and continued "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," until the hour of her departure hence. Her body has long

rested in the grave, but she still lives in the memories of her loving children. They inherited from her no store of earthly treasure, not even such trifles as might have served as keepsakes; yet did she bequeath to them something better than worldly possessions — the radiant pattern of a Christian life, of what a Christian life can be, and what it ought to be — a life more single-eyed and more devoted than any they have ever elsewhere witnessed.

This cross-bearer, who, however, carried each burden which the Lord laid upon her as if it were no cross, was born in the year 1772. Her surviving friends do not wish to publish her name, feeling assured that such a course would have been distasteful to her quiet spirit.* The names both of persons and places must, therefore, be withheld; but the facts described will be readily recognized by many yet living.

It is the writer's earnest prayer that the reader may practically learn how wonderfully and blessedly God leadeth his children. The substance of these pages was communicated to the writer by one of the surviving children of this godly

* The public interest attracted to the daughter, Dorothea Trudel, has now made the preservation of the anonymous impossible.

mother, in whose words we shall now continue the narrative.

My mother frequently related to us the incidents of her early life. In her twelfth year she was left an orphan under very painful circumstances. Her father was well connected, and had been at one time in a prosperous position; but his riches, which had been acquired without God's blessing, had "made to themselves wings and fled away." My grandmother, who was a pious woman, was so badly treated by her husband, that she considered even her life to be in danger from him; in fact, on one occasion he did very nearly kill her in a fit of rage. This occurrence, which took place two years after her marriage, and when our grandmother was four-and-twenty years of age, determined her to leave him: she took refuge in the house of her parents, with whom she remained two years.

Our grandmother found out too late the evil of having acted contrary to God's command in marrying a man who was separated, as was the case with our grandfather, from his first wife.* She would

* Such second marriages in the lifetime of the two separated parties were, it appears, permitted by the law in Germany. They have of late years been legally sanctioned in England, but only under peculiar circumstances.

never have taken this step had she better understood the sacred word which so expressly and distinctly condemns such unions. (Mark x. 11.) As it was, she was heavily chastened for her disobedience to the divine injunction in this matter.

After two years of separation it became necessary, in accordance with German law, that the parties should either become reconciled or be legally divorced. Our grandmother's father, who was a God-fearing man, and who deeply regretted having permitted this marriage of his daughter, charged her before she entered the court not to listen to any of her husband's entreaties or promises, and on no account to consent to live with him again.

Both the parties appeared at court on the appointed day. Our poor grandfather, who had never learned to control his passions, expected to carry everything his own way, as usual. When the judge laid before him the divorce as being the choice of his wife and her father, he exclaimed, in the hearing of the whole assembly, "Listen to me, all of you. If my wife refuses to return to me this day, I will commit suicide." This had such an effect on the poor wife, that, under the impulse of terror, she declared that, rather than be the cause of such a crime, she would consent to live with him, even though she should be unhappy all her life.

On her return, her father quickly perceived that she had been weak enough to be influenced in opposition to his advice. Such was his grief that he fell to the ground as dead. On recovering consciousness, he said directly, "Child, you know that I told you if you allowed your husband's words to influence you, I could not permit you to remain here." He kept to his word, and my grandmother rejoined her bad husband.

Subsequently to this my grandfather lost all his money. His wife had no fortune of her own for them to fall back upon; but she was a clever workwoman, and now exerted herself on behalf of those who were dependent on her. Our grandfather had learned in his youth the trade of a weaver, and he now practiced it, but without materially benefiting his family thereby. His wife was, however, so good a manager that they never came to actual want.

When our mother had attained the age of twelve years, our grandmother suddenly died, just after the birth of her eleventh child. She herself expected death, though no one else did, and she had several times said to our mother, "Dear child, you will soon lose your mother and then your father. I shall be taken away in peace, so as not to see your father's wretched end. Do not be troubled

for my little child, for the Lord will soon take that also to himself." Neither was she anxious for the future of the daughter she was addressing, for the mother knew the girl would prove that God is the father of the orphan. This daughter was, however, almost as unfortunate in her married life as her mother had been.

Our grandfather still yielded to most frightful fits of passion, in which he sometimes acted very violently. Alas, poor man, he never felt the power of the blood of Him who can take the prey from the mighty! From one of his paroxysms of rage his daughter had to take refuge with her grandparents, who received her affectionately. Shortly after the father put an end to his miserable existence.

This event so deeply impressed the girl that she could never think of her father without tears, and often observed that she thought no trial could be more dreadful than this. We were grown up when she told us of the circumstance, and then we understood for the first time why she exhibited so much emotion whenever the conversation turned upon the violently taking away of life. She would say: —

"O, children, that people might have a just abhorrence of those awful crimes!"

Our mother remained with her grandparents for the next four years of her life, and during this period her education was not neglected. When she had attained the age of sixteen her grandfather died, and in the following year his wife followed him. The death of the latter was a heavy calamity for the poor girl, as this relative had been a most loving *godmother* to her, making up, in a large measure, for the absence of that maternal care of which she had been deprived by the loss of her own mother. This good grandmother had faithfully fulfilled her trust; and, in addition to counsel and watchful oversight, had borne her charge in the arms of earnest and believing prayer before the throne of grace. Many readers will acknowledge the efficacy of these prayers, and recognize their answer in the guidance and upholding so remarkably afforded to our mother during her life-history.

The granddaughter was prepared by her relative for the bereavement that awaited her. The evening before her death she called the sorrowing girl to her side, and said, "This night I am going to my heavenly home; at midnight my Saviour will come to fetch me." She expired at the hour she had thus foretold.

The orphan girl, now cast upon her own resources, earned her living by spinning. At the

same time, with self-sacrificing love, and from a feeling of sympathy with their position, she undertook the charge of a family of children, who, like herself, had been deprived by death of the blessing of maternal care. These little ones loved her most sincerely, and they would often, in after years, dwell with affectionate remembrance upon the self-denying love and care exhibited toward them.

When she was about four-and-twenty years of age, she received proposals of marriage from my father. The utter unselfishness of her nature, and that self-denying love to her neighbor in willing obedience to the Master's word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which she at all times displayed, attracted the notice and admiration of the one who sought her hand, and who, though not himself of religious tendencies, was fully capable of recognizing the beauty of her character and the excellence of her life. Nor was there wanting considerable attractiveness of personal appearance to complete the charm.

My father's father was a very godly man, and on hearing of his son's desire to marry my mother, he told him that, although he would gladly receive this, the object of his choice, as his daughter, yet, that unless he would alter his course of life and adapt himself to hers, he would prohibit the union;

and this he was determined upon as an act of justice to his proposed daughter-in-law.

Our father expressed his determination to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart; and the good old man, delighted beyond measure, gave the young couple his blessing with tears of joy.

But from that hour my mother was troubled by a secret fear that all was not right with her future husband. A sad presentiment lay heavy upon her heart that a troubled lot in life might possibly be in store for her. Yet she did not feel that she could recall the promise she had solemnly made.

These forebodings were, alas, too fully realized. It is painful for a child to have to relate the story of a mother's sufferings; but, to God's glory be it spoken, during the seven-and-twenty years I knew her, I never once heard a murmur pass her lips. We children could not understand how our prayerful mother could be so cheerful and quiet under all circumstances, nor how she managed, in the midst of difficulties, always to bear up with so much courage and joyfulness. It was especially a mystery to me, who lacked her gentle spirit, and had inherited the impatience which was a prominent feature of my father's character, how she bore all the injustice that was displayed toward her, and the ill treatment that was heaped upon her.

Her behavior to her husband was beautiful in the extreme, and she delighted to point out anything in him that appeared commendable. When she was thus dwelling on some circumstance in which he may have appeared in a more advantageous light than usual, I perhaps would say: —

"How can you talk thus to us, mother? If I had such a husband, I should behave very differently to him. You treat him too well. Instead of telling him of his sins, you only pray about them."

She would smile at me, and reply, "Wait a while, only wait, my child. You will understand it all some day. Submission to my husband is my pleasure. Through him I have learned to trust alone in God. If I had been permitted to have all my own way through life, I might not have been able to give my children to God so entirely as I can now. If you will not believe that the Saviour sends us blessings through trials as well as through ease and comfort, I shall be troubled on your behalf, even as I am on account of my husband. My duty is to pray that this rod which now smites us may not itself be cast into the fire at last. But for this rod I will give thanks to God all my life long."

"What," said I, "thankful for such a heavy trial?" How could this be? It was to me quite

incomprehensible; for in those days I could not conceive how any one could possibly be happy in the midst of suffering. Thus my mother was a living wonder before my eyes.

We were eleven children in family, and as our means of livelihood were extremely limited, we were brought up in a very plain manner. However, by the influence of our dear mother's example, and powerfully affected by her prayerful life, we learned to be so contented with our lot that, in spite of domestic troubles, our youth was really a happy time.

Notwithstanding our father's frequent painful outbursts of impatience, peace might be justly said to dwell under our roof; and the order and quietude of our home were a standing evidence of the influence of unceasing prayer. Although our food was necessarily inexpensive and simple, and very little varied in kind from day to day, yet we were quite as healthy as the generality of children, and more robust than many of those who were our neighbors. It would happen sometimes that our mother would refer to the comparative luxuries enjoyed by other families, but when doing so she would invariably bid us be thankful for all the mercies we were permitted to receive. I believe not more than two gulden* were spent upon

* The value of a gulden is about 42 cents.

our Christmas and New Year's treats, over and above the ordinary provision made for our daily wants.

There were times when we had not a farthing left in the house. None but God knew of our condition, and He who feedeth the young ravens when they cry was not unmindful of the petitions of his faithful child. He ever helped us in our time of need. It is on this account that our mother's favorite motto, "Pray, but do not beg," has been so impressed upon our minds. In the course of this discipline, many striking deliverances were afforded us, and every one around could bear witness that we were not allowed to suffer want. When our distress waxed great, our mother would say, "Children, it is written, They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." Once one of us, in childish despair, exclaimed, "O, mother, I do believe you would say nothing if we all had to turn beggars." Full of confiding trust, she answered, "That can never happen, for God's word is older than we are, and it says, He 'will satisfy the poor with bread,' and that 'there is no want to them that fear Him;' and David further tells us, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Children, pray and work; then

you will never suffer want; and do not forget that little verse, —

> 'Whatever good you would enjoy
> Must all come down from God.'"

If we had only known how rightly to appreciate our privileges, we should have understood our Bible when very young, and should have learned in early years to acknowledge that Almighty guide who so wonderfully helped us.

As we were so poor, of course but little money could be spared for buying us necessary clothing. Thus, for example, every year until we were confirmed, we had only one pair of new shoes; we were very lively children, and active on our feet, yet these shoes always lasted us the time. We used to believe that the shoemaker made them of particularly good leather; but when our fortunes improved so that we could afford to spend more, we found out that our shoes were made of the same leather as other people's. Yet how could we have been so blind? Why did the clothes of the Israelites never wear out in the wilderness? (Deut. xxix. 4–6; Neh. ix. 21; Deut. viii. 4.)

I have mentioned that we knew the Bible very well; it was the only book we had. We learned to read by it, and its stories were soon so dear to

us that we loved to peruse them over and over again. This was of great benefit to us; more particularly as we had few educational advantages, none of us being able to remain long at school. The Bible was unspeakably precious to our mother. During the week she was too busy for reading, but she prayed continually whilst in the midst of her daily occupations.

We had early to begin helping our mother in her household and other duties. I was not nine years old when I had to sit all day at work. The thought of recreation hardly ever entered our heads all the week long; but when we could get out into the fresh air like other children, we were as joyous as possible, for the peaceful atmosphere of our holy home seemed to follow us and make us doubly happy.

Our mother would never allow us to indulge in the gossip and scandal of the village; no idle words were ever heard from her lips. She did not talk much at any time; it was her example which ruled us, and her spirit of prayer seemed like an electric cord of peace among us noisy children. I felt compelled to submit myself to her kind control, and was positively in many instances unable to act as my self-will would have dictated. When she warned, or exhorted, or advised, she did it all

in the power of the Lord which dwelt in her, and her words penetrated the heart like arrows. She gave us all up entirely to God, and the remembrance of her prayers still lives in my memory, especially of her frequent petition, "Let none of my children be missing in the last day." And God allowed her to see what he can do for those who commit all into his hands; she was most graciously permitted to behold the working of his Spirit in the hearts of every one of us.

Although I was the youngest of her children, I can remember numberless cases of answers to prayer which she related to us, and many we ourselves experienced. One very remarkable instance may here be recorded, relating to our mother's pious sister-in-law, who so faithfully stood by us. Our aunt was so ill that every one believed her end was quickly approaching. She was quite prepared for this, but desired first to partake of the Lord's Supper. This was accomplished, and hardly a quarter of an hour afterward everything earthly seemed to fade away from her, so that, as she herself told us, she could see into heaven. Yet she lay in full consciousness, and recognized all who came near. On the arrival of evening, they brought a light into the room, when she exclaimed, "What do you think? there is a brightness surrounding

us such as I have never witnessed before; and I see crowds of blessed children. O that you too could behold these things!" Our mother thought to herself, When this foretaste of heaven is over my sister will die. She sank on her knees, and earnestly entreated God to prolong the life of this loved one, at least until our mother's eldest child should be able to be some support. At midnight the sick one suddenly turned toward my mother, saying, "Now I must return into this dark valley of death; I must stay a while longer with you." She lived fifteen years longer, and until the eldest child was able to contribute her portion toward the maintenance of the family.

This dear relation, our aunt, lived entirely to the Lord; instead of working for herself, her constant desire was to help us, and rather than that we should suffer want, she would deny herself anything. Some years before her death, she even sold all her clothes to provide us with necessaries. Just as self-sacrificingly did she act in the famine of 1770: she was then barely eighteen years old, and yet she provided for the support of her father and his family, working day and night to make both ends meet, and seeking in every way to cheer the life of her desponding parent. "Father," she would say, "be comforted, for I will never let any

of you suffer, even if I have to starve for it." And in reality she ate for years nothing but potatoes and cold milk, while she prepared other things for her father.

We can now see God's gracious care in bringing my mother into this family, where father and daughter were of one mind and heart with her. They helped one another on in patience and Christian meekness, and often observed that they should not consider themselves well off if they had no cross. My aunt assisted our mother in our education with her usual love and self-sacrifice, and at the same time they earned between them sufficient to support the family. When any of us were ill we were brought in prayer before the feet of the heavenly Physician. Our mother had no cure except prayer, and though at that time we did not understand, yet since then we have found out that it was the healing hand of the Saviour alone that helped and restored us.

Even when I had the small pox and became blind, no doctor was sent for, and no one was told of it. Our father was not at home, and when our mother asked him to come, telling him how ill I was, he would not believe it, and preferred to remain with his friends. Our mother, however, was not in the least vexed or excited; she prayed for

him, for all of us, especially for her sick child; and before my father came home my eyes were re-opened.

Once again, one of my brothers had a fit, brought on through fright. It was a most violent and painful attack, and we were greatly alarmed. This time, also, our father was out, and our mother said to us, "I know this fearful illness, my children; it is one of the heaviest trials which could have occurred; but Jesus, who cured that lunatic boy, can heal our child. Do not speak of the attack to any one; we will go only to Jesus about it;" and then she prayed with us.

Not long after, a second fit came on, and again our father was taking his pleasure at the public house. This time mother told him what had happened in his absence; but he laughed at it, and said, "I don't believe it; you were frightened at the child having bad dreams." His wife replied, "For the sake of your unbelief I hope that the child will have another attack whilst you are at home, so that you may witness it yourself; then you will believe; I pray God, however, that this may be the last time."

It came to pass about a week after that another most dreadful fit came on; the boy foamed violently, and threw himself about in fearful convulsions:

on this occasion the father was present, and he was convinced of the nature of the attack and alarmed at what he saw. But the mother's prayer was heard, for the disease never showed itself again till thirty-four years had elapsed, and after both parents were dead; at that time we ourselves knew the power of appealing to the Divine Helper, who remains ever willing to cure.

Many a soul was made quite ashamed through the simplicity of the faith that, instead of seeking to judge for itself, let the Lord order everything. Once, in a time of great need, a clergyman became acquainted with the poverty of our circumstances, which we had supposed to be known alone to God. He said to our eldest sister, who was now a great support to the family, "How can you be so foolish, both mother and children, and let things go on so easily? Your mother ought not to allow her husband to have his own way in everything; she ought to bring a charge against him in the court for neglect and cruelty." The girl answered him, "We never hear mother complain of my father's conduct, and she does not expect us to do so either; she tells us God will permit nothing that is not meant to do us good; so whatever He allows we are not to take as from our earthly father, but as what is sent us by our heavenly

Father. If God were to permit us for a time to be without a roof to shelter us, he would be sure to open a door for us in some other place, where, with his blessing, we might live. Mother says, 'As long as you pray, you need never beg.' "

The clergyman answered, "I cannot agree with you there. God permitted Napoleon to do many things which were not right; and on what can your mother rely?"

"On God alone," said my sister; "she never tells us how God is going to help, but she is always certain his aid will come at the right time."

"But," said he, "we must be governed by reason."

"Nothing is said in the Bible about reason," replied my sister; "but it is written, 'He that believeth shall not be confounded.' "

When this conversation was related to our mother, she said to us, "O, children, follow my example; turn not to man for help, but to God; the person who seeks counsel of men, who leans on an arm of flesh and putteth not his confidence in God, must be unhappy. You will experience," continued she, "that they who always get help just at the right time, are those who never study circumstances, but who look in steadfast faith to God, expecting him to act for and aid them."

That same clergyman found out by experience that our mother's trust was rightly grounded, for from that time our great distress ceased; and two years later he confessed that the saving hand of the Lord was stretched out on our behalf.

Just about this period our mother's faith was wonderfully strengthened and crowned by most blessed experiences of God's faithfulness. We lived several years quite alone with her, my father being abroad.

On going away he sold one of our two cows, and took the proceeds with him. A rich neighbor directly offered to lend us money enough to buy another; this kind proposal we gratefully accepted. Although we did not understand much about bargains of this kind, yet the cow we purchased served us so remarkably that we were obliged to acknowledge whence the blessing came. In summer we could sell fourteen measures of milk, in winter twelve, to the dairymen, so that the borrowed money was speedily repaid. At the same time the cow performed the farm-work required of it with such strength and quickness that people were astonished. When our father, on his return, heard us speaking with pleasure of this animal, he became so enraged with the poor thing that he was determined to sell it, and actually

offered it at half its value. The faithless children were in a continual fright. When any one came near the house, we thought we were assuredly going to lose our cow. But mother exhorted us not to be so fearful, for said she, "If your father could do always as he likes, none of you would be alive now; but God will never let him go any further than he sees to be for our good. Believe me, God, who has given us this cow, will keep it for us as long as we need it."

And so it turned out, for the cow never left us whilst our mother was alive; and when we were all provided for, a purchaser came, who paid a high price for the creature, having heard of its wonderful powers from the man to whom we sold the milk for so many years; but no sooner was the animal taken to its new home than the wonder ceased, and this cow became no better than any other.

I could narrate numberless facts of this kind, if I had not with them almost always to make unpleasant allusion to my father's name. I am sorry to say he it was who caused many of our troubles; but at last even he was brought to the knowledge of the truth; and after our mother's death, he himself, in old age, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus; so that this portion also of our mother's prayers was answered.

I here wish to impress upon the mind of the reader the truths that not a hair of our head can fall without God's permission; and also, that to those who love God, "all things work together for good."

As we grew up, we stood faithfully by our mother; and, having been brought up to work, we found no difficulty in gaining our living; but still we feared sometimes what might come when we should no longer be able to labor, and yet had nothing laid by for our support. But she would cheerfully say, "Let God care for us; He can and will do it;" and before her death she experienced the truth of this also.

When we were all grown up, God gave us courage to take this dear parent quite under our own protection; and we unanimously told our father that we would not see her, after sacrificing her whole life to him, treated otherwise than with kindness. He might storm at us, but against our mother he should sin no more. What he had hitherto done was enough.

We now tried who could the best take care of her, and the most sweeten her remaining days, so that she often shed tears of joy, exclaiming, "Children, why do you try so to make me happy?" When she saw that a cheerful acceptation of our

love gave us delight, and that we grieved if she were worried over household cares, she made herself quite contented and happy. We were determined to show her that her lessons of faith had not been lost upon us.

She had the joy of beholding several of us serving a risen and accepted Saviour, dwelling in Him and He in us. Knowing this, she could trustingly leave her other dear ones to his loving care.

At length the last year of her earthly pilgrimage drew nigh. It was a time of great bodily pain, but all her sufferings were borne quietly, "looking unto Jesus." She was most anxious not to cause trouble, though she knew that we loved nothing better than waiting on her. Never would she allow any of us to stay awake watching her at night, protesting that she should get no sleep herself if she knew she was keeping others from repose.

One of the last triumphs of her faith now occurred. A dear unknown relation visited us at this time, and promised our mother that he would act as a father to us. His money, he told her, would be blessed in fulfilling a promise made to faith.

The end of our mother's life was drawing near. During her last night on earth I watched at her side, for now I would not forego this privilege. I felt quite ashamed when, on approaching her, she said, "I am giving you trouble."

I replied, "O, mother, you know it would be no trouble for your children to watch you both night and day. You deserve it of us." She answered, "I know you do it gladly, but it is useless."

Early in the morning, after cheerfully saluting us, she lost the power of speech, and beckoned my eldest sister to raise her in the bed. My sister took her in her arms, and sat by her on the bed. She remained thus for about half an hour, and then our mother passed away quietly from earth. With tears of love, we resigned her into the Saviour's arms, praying him to give us grace to follow in her steps, so that we might present to others as holy an example as we had beheld in her, and that thus she, though in heaven, might perceive it was not in vain that she had pointed us to God's true word, but might see that his truth had borne fruit in our souls, and the souls of many, to his praise and glory.

A voice calls from our mother's spirit to that of every other mother, "Would you be a blessing to your children? O, then, care not to gather for them 'treasures which moth and rust do corrupt;' care not to supply them with large fortunes, and be not anxious, though coffers and chests are empty; but be prayerful, trustful in

faith. Bring your children to the Saviour's feet, never doubting that he will make them worthy, each one, to be a living sacrifice to Jesus; believing that his Spirit will sanctify their bodies, and make them to be instruments of righteousness, and that they shall all serve the Lord in living faith, and use every power in his service." So shall your children rise up and call you blessed, and, after you have departed, your memory shall be fragrant on the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

DOROTHEA'S EARLY LIFE AND CHARACTER.

AINT PAUL, when writing to the Hebrews, exhorted them to remember their teachers, — those who had spoken God's word to them, — and especially to ponder over their end, and the happy termination of their lives, so that they might imitate their faith. We would obey by casting a glance at the blessed life and hallowed death of one who was generally spoken of among her acquaintances as "Our Mother." We would reflect on the wondrous workings of her inner and outer life, and on the glorious experiences of answers to prayer, and of grace given, which her Saviour granted to her simple faith. We would mark how she was enabled, not only to proclaim the word with strong, penetrating earnestness, but also to withstand temptation and opposition; so that, from amidst the trials of the

conflict with the powers of darkness, she could come forth more than conqueror, exclaiming, from the depths of her heart, Hallelujah! And may this account serve to stir up our readers to fresh zeal and earnestness in following Jesus, who was sent from God, and proved his divine mission by his self-denial and renunciation of his own will, and by that love, so rare in our days, which seeks not its own things, but the things of others. There are so many who behold and wonder, so few who follow.

Before I relate how she brought honor to God in her stormy summons home, which to many appeared very premature, how she glorified Him by her holy thoughts and her patience, and her close communion with Him, I must briefly describe the course by which she attained to so much usefulness, and continued firm and steadfast, notwithstanding the numerous objections raised against her, not only by worldly people, but even by Christians. If it be well to contemplate one of the Lord's tools in work, it is still better when we can look back to the forge where it was tempered and made meet for service.

One of God's ways of getting honor to his name, and of proving his power, wisdom, and love, as well as his independence of us miserable beings,

is to select his most blessed instruments from amongst the poorest and lowest of this world. The gold, which after much refining and preparing, is to adorn the walls of the sanctuary, or to decorate the palace of an earthly monarch, comes forth from the hidden inner parts of the earth, and appears, at first sight, despicable and mean, until its true brilliancy is brought to light by the strong heat of the furnace. The lark, which seems as though it pre-eminently sang forth God's praises, rises up from the ground, instead of having its seat with the eagle among the high and rocky mountain cliffs; and throughout nature many striking examples of this principle of the kingdom of God appear, — a principle which was further carried out by him in the instances of Moses, Gideon, David, and the disciples of the Lord.

And so for a long time this handmaid of the Lord was a hidden one. She was the eleventh and youngest child of an unbelieving father, but of a spiritually-minded mother. If, on the one hand, the father's life was calculated to act prejudicially on the minds of the children, there was, on the other hand, the mother's heart possessing heavenly wisdom; and that mother knew well that it rested with the Lord to convert her husband and to preserve her children. Like a true Hannah, she

brought them into the courts of the temple; she carried them before the Lord in prayer; she waited and endured, as she had been taught to do by our example, Christ Jesus.

Her child, our Dorothea, says in a letter, "Our mother was permitted, in a wonderful manner, to meet with events which passed all general experience. We were taught to acknowledge that the Lord alone is the true Physician, by the fact that no other was summoned when we or she herself were ill; and when I was attacked by small pox, at four years old, and almost blinded by it, while my brother, who was fourteen, was seized with epilepsy, our mother believed and trusted that the Lord would help, and in a short time we both recovered."

We may discover from the little book written by herself, and entitled "Our Mother," how the general education of the little Dorothea was carried on, as it gives us a clear insight into the Trudel family. She only attended school for a few years, but she made up for all deficiency in instruction by her quick understanding and rare talent. The years of her youth passed quietly. She grew up in poverty and amidst the absence of all luxuries, trained by a mother who was a pattern of self-denial. Of this period she writes: —

"We children were well instructed in the way of faith, but as yet had not practically trodden it, and so we were often discouraged by the idea that our health was being sacrificed. When any of us became curious about the future, our mother used to say, 'The Lord certainly cares for you; only be quiet.'" The force of this example could not, however, change Dorothea's character. She had her father's, not her mother's, disposition, and resembled him in his features and in his violent temper, from which they often suffered; she used to say to herself, "What can I do? I have inherited these passions!"

Daniel became strong and comely in days of old, though he would not eat the king's meat; esteeming his Father's commands more highly than any external advantages, he not only increased in form and bodily strength, but also in heavenly wisdom; and in much the same way the absence of outward comforts left no trace in the young Dorothea. She grew up a slender, pretty girl, quite distinguished among her companions. The promise, that the children, if they follow the commandments of God, will not be called upon to bear chastisement for a parent's sins, was here fulfilled. A deeply-rooted reverence for holy things already existed in her heart, though she was yet unconverted; in fact,

this reverence extended far beyond what is often seen in our days in those who profess to be Christians.

From amidst the great diversity in the accounts given of her, one characteristic stands forth pre-eminently, namely, her great simplicity and purity of mind. Low desires and pleasures were peculiarly shunned by her; though in our days they prevail to such a sad extent, undermining and overthrowing the inner and outer life of hundreds of thousands, not only amongst the poor, but equally so amongst the high and rich, whose every wish can be met and gratified in various ways: this horror of such indulgences was of no small importance to her in her future life and work. She had great strength of will and determination, qualities which were sanctified and purified after her conversion; but she was much tried by a custom which is very prevalent in many parts of Switzerland. Her father, in conformity with it, would not be prevented from introducing numbers of young men into his house evening after evening to visit his daughters; these visitors were entertained by him with the most open hospitality. In this manner, many professing Christians endeavored to form "good matches:" beginning thus with boisterous conduct, the married life often presented no improvement,

and too frequently ended in separation or in mutual misery and dislike. Dorothea, however, knew of and believed in a God who seeth in secret, and who is not satisfied by a religion which consists merely in baptism, going to church, and receiving the sacrament as a cloak for sin — from the discovery of which men shrink. What her natural good sense now led her to do, she carried out afterward in a more decided manner, living and walking as in the presence of God's all-seeing eye. When she did anything which other people might consider unsuitable, she always put her actions to the proof, "Can I do this in the sight of God?" And so she was preserved from those spots on the conscience which often torment believers after the lapse of years.

About this time a circumstance occurred, which is thus related: —

"She had grown into a tall, nice-looking girl, whose appearance pleased everybody. One day, as she was returning from a visit, a young man from the village met her, and wished not only to accompany her, but actually to embrace her. She had a horror of all sentimental affection, though she was afterward to receive such warm tokens of love from those to whose salvation she had been made instrumental by the hand of God: although

slender and of slight strength, she defended herself bravely, but bore away from the struggle an injury which she regarded as the commencement of a weakness in her back."

The Lord blessed this godly fear of evil, though it was the cause of a curved spine; and he brought great spiritual good out of it. The general diminution of strength consequent on this injury was, though grievous in itself, conducive, under the Almighty hand, of helping to work in this, his child, that peaceable fruit of holiness, the end of which is everlasting life.

CHAPTER V.

WONDERFUL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

RACEFUL in figure, and fond of amusement, an event happened to Dorothea in 1835, when she was twenty-two, which tended to wean her from her self-righteousness, and to exercise a great influence over her whole life. She, in company with a girl who lived near her, had taken great pleasure in dancing, though her mother had often wished to prevent it. This girl died suddenly from hemorrhage. Dorothea herself describes, in a letter written some years later, what an impression this event made upon her, how it led her to closer self-examination, thus preparing and strengthening her for the service to which she was afterward to be devoted.

"I was so impressed by this circumstance, that from that moment I wished to become a follower of Jesus, and my one desire was to have him as

my Saviour; but, instead of opening my heart to my mother when I began to change, I shut myself up in my room, and there prayed so incessantly for the forgiveness of my sins, that I became quite worn out with weeping, and finally fell sick. I then told my mother that the sin which most burdened me was the having so often danced on Sundays. She comforted me very affectionately, but I became so ill that every one thought I was dying. The doctor whom my father summoned declared consumption was killing me; I then begged them to let me die without further medical aid, as I longed to go home. God's thoughts are not our thoughts; and this was verified in my case, as I began to get better. Still the spinal disease remained, my fine figure vanished, and I became a crooked, dwarfed, withered being, so that those to whom I had been formerly known, and who had not seen me for the last two years, could not recognize me. Although, at this time, utterly unable to stoop, I performed my various duties as usual. I had to weave silk, and was thus, by the blessing of God, of use to my friends, while my soul had peace amidst all my sufferings. I thought I should be forever confined to this hard work, but God wonderfully arranged otherwise.

"In 1840, my uncle, Dr. Trudel, came home

unexpectedly from Holland, in his seventy-fifth year. Soon after his arrival we had to stand round the dying bed of our mother, who had been such a precious parent to us. Our uncle promised her to be a father to us after her death, and he faithfully kept his word. He took my three sisters and myself away from our father, and sheltered us in his house, where we lived with him about ten years, until he had a paralytic stroke, on the 28th of April, 1850. This tender adopted parent had immediately, on his return to his house, considered it undesirable that I should be kept to such work, and he arranged for my learning flower-making. By this new trade, which I thought I should follow to the close of my life, my earnings were considerable.

"Our uncle died, leaving us a large part of his property; and once more we were orphans. Our family arrangements were altered, and with this change a new school of experience opened for me, which produced wholesome fruit. My sister's son had a considerable business, in which I tried to assist him in every way. God filled me with much love for my fellow-creatures, and our workpeople lay much on my heart, and it was my delight to tell them how happy men are when they are made free by Christ, so as to be no longer chained to this world. Four of them fell ill, and, as each

could do as he pleased, all four summoned a doctor. It was remarked, however, that they got worse after taking the medicine, until, at last, the necessity became so pressing, that I went as a worm to the Lord, and laid our distress before him. I told him how willingly I would send for an elder, as is commanded in James v.; but, as there was not one, I must go to my sick ones in the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and, without trusting to any virtue in my hand, I would lay it upon them. I did so, and, by the Lord's blessing, all four recovered. Most powerfully did the sin of disobeying God's word then strike me, and most vividly did the simple life of faith, the carrying out just what God orders, stand before me.

"I persevered in working at my trade for a year, during which time the Lord continued to show me much that tended to my self-abasement. I learned that bodily suffering cannot produce conformity to God, even when it is borne with patience; that the only way in which that grace can be obtained is by the outpouring of the love of God in the heart. I did not know before what was meant by being 'nothing,' and yet I had considered myself converted. But now the Lord opened my eyes, and showed me that the annoyance I felt to this hour, when tried by any difficulty,

arose from the presence of 'the old man,' and that if I possessed the love described in 1 Cor. xiii., which, 'is not easily provoked,' and 'seeketh not her own,' I should be no longer provoked to such irritation: from that time the Lord has so strengthened me night and day, that the wonders which have taken place in accordance with God's word will be less marvelled at, than that I am still spared and enabled to labor.

"In 1852 I left my sister's house, and went to live with a brother and sister who resided in my uncle's house. I pursued my trade, though resolving to give my whole life to my Saviour, by zealously caring for the souls of others. I had an especial interest in the erring ones, and undertook, after my business hours, to visit several who were spiritually diseased. My favorite idea was, 'My name is unknown to the world, but it is written above; here I am unacknowledged and despised, but there I shall be confessed before the Father's throne.'

"Every day some children came to me, with whom I prayed and read the Bible. One of them came some distance, from a noble lady who had often invited me to visit her. I complied with the request, and had the joy of seeing how she testified to the blood of Jesus among the mem-

bers of her family. This was the lady who first begged me to receive patients into my house, but I decidedly replied that I did not feel myself called to do so. However, she sent some people to me. One of them, Madame M——, the mother of twelve children, had been quite shattered in mind by the death of her husband, and had been actually sent away uncured from an asylum; after seven weeks she could thank the Lord as her helper, and has remained well to this day. At her earnest request, after much prayer for the revelation of God's will, I bought a second little house, to which purchase my sister also contributed.

"But a storm was now to burst over the work, for, in 1856, when the second house was filled with invalids, and the Lord was working mightily, we were fined sixty francs, and were ordered to send away all the patients by a certain time. Though it was the most grievous day in my life, I obeyed the command; but the houses so hastily emptied filled as fast as ever with the blind, the lame, and the deaf, for whom the Lord did great things. Evil spirits were driven out of some of the invalids by prayer, and the sufferer became instantly free. Many were delivered from the power of darkness which had been exercised over their minds, though less visibly outwardly, and received what we con-

sider the highest and best blessing, that of being changed from wolves into lambs. I had enemies, both known and unknown, in crowds, and thickly-scattered lies and slanders were no pleasant portion. I write this with the feeling that whoever cannot bear, without emotion, even the blackest lies and slanders, has yet to experience something of the peace which is like an ocean without bounds."

Thus far is her own narrative, word for word. What the Lord was accomplishing at this time was hidden from the world, and would very probably have remained so, had not the unbelief of man brought to light these workings of God. As the government no longer opposed the work, the number of the sick increased rapidly, so that it was necessary to purchase a third house. It was speedily filled also.

In all these cases Dorothea only employed the means which are commanded in God's word. Her chief anxiety was that a spirit of prayer should rule and govern the house. She considered the word of God, when it is not only learned, but firmly maintained, to be the true medicine. She had Bible lessons, which were attended by most of the patients; nor did she neglect proper discipline and

firmness; so that, notwithstanding all the love she manifested to the mentally disordered, she never suffered their wills to rise in opposition to hers.

At the commencement of her labors she used to read a chapter from the Bible and pray, afterward adding one of Holfacker's sermons; but by degrees, as the numbers increased, and she had no longer time to lay before each individually the truth of God's word, she gathered the patients around her, and spoke to them collectively about what she would otherwise have told to each one separately. The time not occupied by the Bible lesson, which was daily from three to four o'clock, was spent in nursing the sick — a duty which she performed with earnest love and devotion, though her chief object was to show from the Bible what is the plan of Jesus in dealing with our hearts, and how he conforms us to his image, and gives us strength through his blood to lead a new life. In an attractive and interesting manner, she constantly uncovered the secrets of men's hearts, and pointed them to the Physician of souls, who could renew them and give a right spirit.

She employed the means of healing appointed in God's word, namely, the imposition of hands with prayer and the anointing with oil, because she believed and realized that Jesus Christ is the same

yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that the promises which he made to his disciples belong to us also. On these occasions she used to enter into conversation with the patient as to the state of his mind, and to seek out those inward enemies, which, like the Jebusites, wished to share the land with the Lord. She did not wish to bring Christians under the law again, but she was anxious to see God's freed children like coins, bearing on the one side the image of Jesus in his love, gentleness, patience, forbearance, and humility; and on the other side the inscription, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

On many occasions she experienced wonderful help from God, who, while performing marvels for the body, which is the least important part, accomplishes what is far greater, even the salvation of souls. Among others, one named B. S—— went to her, who had been suffering for six months from a disease in his bones, and had been for a lengthened period in a Swiss hospital under medical treatment. At length he, by the advice of Christian friends, sought for relief from his malady at Dorothea's house. His cure began in the first week of his visit, and in a few weeks he was completely recovered. An interesting diversity showed itself in God's dealings with, and pur-

poses toward, the sick. With some no improvement was perceptible until having examined into their hearts, and having asked themselves, "How fares it here?" they acknowledged and bewailed their sinful life; while others were, by the mercy of God, drawn suddenly out of their unbelief and indifference.

On one occasion a young artisan arrived, in whom cancer had made such progress as to render any approach to him almost unbearable. At the Bible lessons this once frivolous man, now an earnest inquirer, learned where the improvement must begin; and from the day that he confessed his sins against God and man, the disease abated. Some time afterward he acknowledged one sin he had hitherto concealed, and then he speedily recovered his bodily health, and returned to his home cured in spirit also.

But, alas! there were cases in whose external improvement Dorothea had little joy, because there was no inward change — persons who left the house freed from their outward disease, but still steadfast in disobedience to God's word. One instance of this was a young man who had been wonderfully relieved from terrible spasms in the chest, with which he had been afflicted for ten years, having derived no benefit from the various

means to which he had resorted; and yet he continued in his persevering disobedience.

Dorothea Trudel was indeed a striking proof of how speedily the Lord frequently answers believing prayer.

A lady in S—— had so injured her knee by a fall that for weeks she lay in the greatest agony. The doctor declared that dropsy would supervene; but the heavenly Physician fulfilled those promises which will abide until the end of the world, and by prayer and the laying on of Dorothea's hands the knee was cured in twenty-four hours, and the swelling vanished.

She prayed with peculiar fervor with those patients who were fast approaching death without being safe and happy. In such cases she most earnestly pleaded the Lord's promises, and begged him to preserve alive these unhappy ones until they had found salvation in Christ. The foreman of a manufactory in Switzerland fell ill of inflammation on the lungs. The fatal symptoms had already warned his wife and children that they must part from their loved one. The invalid, well knowing that he was not prepared to die, but believing also that the prayer of faith accomplishes a great deal, if truly earnest, requested to be taken to Dorothea's house at Männedorf.

Though she fulfilled his desire for the imposition of hands after prayer, yet she continued for a time his prescribed medicine. But he soon refused it, and having been able to trace the good which had already been effected in him, he dismissed his doctor. In a short time this patient was as a brand plucked out of the fire, quite restored to health, and able to employ his time usefully.

She treated the erring ones with much affection. One, whose uncontrolled temper had rendered her quite beside herself, snapped with her teeth at Dorothea as she bent over her, and so hurt her face that it swelled as though she had been bitten by an adder. She nursed her after this by herself, all the rest of the night, with ever-increasing tenderness; and the power of love gained the victory.

She made a marked distinction between her treatment of those mourning under affliction and those who were mentally depressed. While, for example, she could go to a lady whose grief at the death of her husband was so wild as to make her tear her hair, and could blame such conduct with Christian earnestness, she would kneel by one who was sorrowing for sin, and would give such loving comfort from God's word that it was remarked that she was as much used for the salvation of souls as for the healing of bodies.

The Lord often granted her heart's desire and longing by calling forth souls from death, and bringing them from the darkness of sin into his perfect light.

One of those who came under her roof heavily laden, and who was presented by her to the Saviour, was a Madame B——, of Z——. This lady dreamed one night that she had arrived at the house at Männedorf, with the most earnest desire to enter, but had found all the doors and windows fastened; that she had stood sorrowfully outside until some one had come and cordially invited her in, and that she had obeyed. On awaking she found herself so well that she was able to return home in peace, and also to prove to her husband, by her loving, genial manner, that she had found the Saviour.

Dorothea was peculiarly tender to the mentally afflicted, and valued their souls as highly as those of the sound in mind. She had herself on one occasion been delirious for six hours from agonized feelings at not understanding the ways of God. From this circumstance she felt additional interest in those who were thus afflicted, whilst her brief personal experience of that most sad visitation enabled her often to judge very accurately of the true state of this class of sufferers. In some cases

she made them watch their hearts as the chief point in God's dealings with them, exhorting them to complete resignation and subjection of the will. In others she observed the existence of morbid matter in the brain or constitution; and these cases she laid very earnestly at the feet of Jesus, who proved himself a mighty Saviour to both soul and body. The Lord had taught her the right method of treating these patients. One of the first of these cases had been much prayed for by her. The worse he became the more urgent grew her petitions, as she believed his cure would be accomplished by prayer and fasting. At last, when she had pleaded so long as to be quite worn in body, God made it clear to her that she must begin by firmness with the patient; and when Satan found that he could no longer harass by spiritual fancies, he ceased to oppose, and the invalid was soon cured.

Dorothea proved by her conduct and words that she gave God all the honor. On one occasion a clergyman came to her, and began by asking her in quite a humble manner, "How are these wonders performed? By what power are they accomplished?" She replied, "Nothing is done by us. All these marvels, in bodies and souls, are wrought by the strength of Christ's blood." He answered,

"I do not believe in the blood of Jesus." "O," was her response, "it would be a poor thing for me to say only that I *believe* in the blood. No; it is my element, and it is only because Christ has become an offering for my sins by the sacrifice of his body and blood that I can stand here and perform all these wonders."

We may see clearly in this candid avowal what was the power which produced such mighty changes in many souls, and restored numbers to physical and spiritual health. If we add to this that the Bible declares that from him who believes shall flow streams of strength and life, and that in the case of the disciples of our Lord, even their shadow exercised a healing influence over the sick, it will not be difficult to refute the charge of mesmeric influence which has been sometimes made. But I purpose relating some circumstances which will, it is to be hoped, remove many prejudices.

When she was once asked to visit an outpatient, she had a great struggle within herself as to whether there was anything of mesmerism in her work, for as several people — clergymen as well as worldly persons — maintained that she used mesmerism, it could not be indifferent to her to prove, as well as to believe, that such was

certainly not the case. She earnestly implored the Lord not to heal this invalid through her means if she employed mesmerism, but if otherwise, to permit her recovery. The woman was cured in a short time, though Dorothea had never entered her house, and had therefore no opportunity of placing herself in a mesmeric relation to the patient, even if this could have been effected by a mere unconscious contact.

Another time a gentleman from France, or French Switzerland, wished for an interview with Dorothea. He was ill, and all the means hitherto tried had been unavailing, so he had been advised to go to the "Mesmeric Institution" at Männedorf. At the same time he resolved to investigate the proceedings of Dorothea. After he had finished his inquiries, and had been present at some of the Bible readings, he left Männedorf, convinced that he had not been at any abode of mesmerism.

A clairvoyant who had tried to procure water by means of a rod, made Dorothea take it in her hand, but what was his astonishment to find that instead of moving upwards as with him, it bent in the contrary direction. This meeting with one who professed clairvoyance made her quite unwell,

which had never been the case when she had laid her hands on any one in the name of Jesus. True, she had a magical power, but it was that of love, which did not spurn even the most miserable sinners, but led them to Jesus.

CHAPTER VI.

"AVENGE ME OF MINE ADVERSARY."

HATRED and opposition to the institution were not extinct, though slumbering for a time. In the year 1861 a second storm burst out. In consequence of a memorial from a doctor in Männedorf to the physician of the district, asking whether such an institution was to be permitted in the Canton of Zurich, a sudden order arrived from the magistrates that a fine of one hundred and fifty francs should be paid, and that the sick should be dismissed.

Such a command could not be obeyed, and an appeal was made to the County Court, by whom the first sentence was unanimously confirmed. Dorothea then referred to the highest tribunal of justice in Zurich. The principal of it appeared unfavorable toward her, and few believed in a successful result, but Dorothea went into her closet

and said to the Lord, "Behold, the court of physic and the magistrates order me to dismiss the patients. I know that nothing can take place without thy permission; show me from thy word what is thy will." She then in faith drew from it the following answer: "I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for He is the living God, and steadfast forever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions." (Dan. vi. 26, 27.) In perfect confidence she saw the day for the trial approach. If God be for us, who can be against us? Mr. Spöndlin, an advocate of Zurich, had gratuitously and joyfully undertaken the defence of the work; the Lord was with him, and so inclined the hearts of the chief magistrates that the following decision was given: "That inasmuch as this institution was carried on quite differently to any other, employing no medicine, and having as a primary object benefit to the souls of the patients, Dorothea Trudel was not guilty of transgressing against the laws of physic, and was at liberty to carry on her work."

The periodical from which we have already quoted ("The News of the Churches") gives the following account of this trial: —

"A lawsuit which has taken place lately in Switzerland, has brought into public notice what has long been regarded with astonishment in private circles. It is well known what wondrous cures were effected some years ago by Pastor Blumhardt, merely by the efficacy of believing prayer. Now in a village near the Lake of Zurich, in Switzerland, there have been for many years similar cures effected by similar means. A woman named Dorothea Trudel stands at the head of an establishment whither persons afflicted with bodily and mental diseases, which had been pronounced incurable by ordinary treatment, have flocked in great numbers and been healed. It is no holy well nor place of superstition, but a holy family, consisting of Dorothea Trudel, her sister, four nurses, and Mr. Samuel Zeller, son of the venerable Mr. Zeller of Beuggen, and brother-in-law of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. All these assistants work night and day attending to the patients, without remuneration, merely out of love to God, and gratitude for having themselves been healed in the institution.

"The history of the wonderful woman at the

head of the institution, as it came out at the trial, is something as follows : Being born of poor parents, her education was very much neglected. At the age of twenty-two, the sudden death of a young female, with whom she had lived on intimate terms, made a deep impression on her mind, and was, under divine grace, the means of her conversion. The severity of the trial through which she at that time passed, undermined her constitution, and for many years she was confined to bed. This long-continued trial of sickness developed the spiritual life in her soul, and brought her into close communion with God. She experienced many answers to her prayers, and when, on one occasion, five laborers in the house of a relative fell suddenly ill, the sickness being so obstinate that ordinary remedies were of no avail, her mind was much exercised with the peculiar case. She thought within herself that this was one of the cases which a believer might take to the risen and living Saviour for personal aid. She struggled long for strength, wrestling mightily with the Lord ; and when her mind had obtained that access to the throne of grace which enabled her to believe her prayer would be heard, she came to the sick chamber, prayed over the patients, and laid her hands on them in the name of the

Lord. The sickness left them. It would seem that not only the bodily distemper was cured, but the minds were brought into a new relation to Christ. In the course of years she had many similar experiences, and by degrees made it the business of her life to visit the sick and pray over them. Extraordinary cures often followed, in many cases suddenly. Contrary to her wish, sick people were brought to her house, and she had soon a little hospital. The medical men of the neighborhood interfered to prevent her practicing the healing art without a license, and she was fined and ordered to desist. She could not, however, desist when people came to her house and begged her to pray with them; and as she used no other remedy than prayer, it seemed hard to prohibit her. By means of a legacy she was enabled to procure a larger house, and the numbers of distressed people, afflicted with every disease, who sought her aid increased. Night and day she toiled, nursing the sick and praying with them, without remuneration. The poor she fed gratuitously; from the rich she took a small sum to pay for their board.

"Two sudden deaths took place last year of patients who had been residing at her house, and an investigation was instituted. On the instigation

of the medical board, she was ordered to close the house within a certain time. She in vain protested that she used no medicines; that she prevented no one from using medicines; that she was a simple woman who knew nothing about diseases, but only knew that her Saviour could heal every sickness. It was in vain. The sentence of the court ran, that she had confessed to having devoted her time to the healing of disease, and, as she had no license, she must desist. On the advice of her lawyer, she appealed to the higher court. Hundreds of testimonials from the most eminent men in Switzerland and Germany were produced in her favor. Prelate von Kapff, Professor Tholuck, and others, bore witness to her self-denying zeal and earnest prayers. It was proved that she made use of no other means than prayer. The counsellor, Mr. Spöndlin, of Zurich, conducted Dorothea's case at the superior court.

"In a splendid and powerful speech, this worthy counsellor showed that it was not a case with which the medical men had anything whatever to do. Mlle. Trudel's whole influence was brought to bear on the soul, and the healing of the body was a mere accidental circumstance. She, as an experienced Christian, admitted to her house whoever came, rich or poor, and especially the sick, who

most required spiritual comfort. She promises no one a cure, nor does she pronounce any sickness incurable, but declares to each patient, 'If you only believe, you may be healed by prayer. Let God decide.' The bodily cure follows the attainment of saving faith, or the lively exercise of that faith. The medical laws are designed to prevent quackery, not to prevent the physical benefits which flow from prayer. The charge that she prevents patients from applying to a regular physician in due time must fall to the ground; for there is no law to fix the time when any one must send for a physician, or to prescribe that every patient must submit to be treated according to the prescriptions of a college of surgeons. The fact is, that most of her patients are such as have already spent all their substance on physicians, and are nothing better, but have rather grown worse; and they often come to her much too late. It is no wonder if, after waiting for years in vain for a cure, the patient at last tries any plan by which he may even hope to be healed. If she never used medicinal means herself, neither did she forbid any one to use the prescriptions of a licensed physician. The worst of all was, that the doctors brought the charge against her without ever once examining her establishment, and they could not show a single

case in which her treatment had produced evil effects. Let any of them say as much for themselves.

"The counsel for the plaintiffs admitted the truth of all that was said in favor of the institution, and granted that the medical men had no right to prohibit prayer and the laying on of hands; but insisted that some restraint must be laid on the crowding of so many sick persons to one place. The court thought otherwise, and acquitted Mlle. Trudel of every charge, throwing all the costs on her accusers."

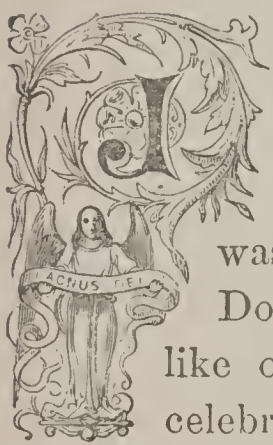
We may well imagine how this handmaid of the Lord rejoiced when she heard the answer to the prayers which she had so earnestly offered for God's protection, and for his intervention to prevent the judges from incurring this great sin. Songs of praise and thanksgiving resounded throughout the house, and with renewed gladness she resumed her work.

Not only by his help in this matter, but in pecuniary affairs also, the Lord proved that this institution was his cause. Many times something had to be paid, and they had no means wherewith to meet the claim. Once God actually sent aid by means of an enemy, who offered money; another time three thousand francs came from Holland,

just as they were needed and quite unexpectedly; on a third occasion they were about to borrow money to pay for bread, when two hundred and fifty francs arrived, with the stipulation that if the fine had not to be paid to the magistrates, the money should be spent in bread. Soon after the trial, which lasted from March to November, 1861, and which drew such attention to the work by its publication in the newspapers, the demand for admittance into the house became so great that only a small proportion of the number could be received. The people, knowing how painful it was to Dorothea's loving spirit to send any one away, used to come and settle down, and would not easily be persuaded to remove their invalids.

CHAPTER VII.

PORTENTS OF COMING SORROW.



JOYOUSLY as the Christmas season was anticipated, with its gifts and happy greetings, its approach was a time of peculiar blessing to Dorothea, for, though she could not, like other mothers, draw around her, to celebrate Christ's first coming, the children to whom she had given birth, yet could she truly realize the prophet's words, "The desolate hath many more children than she who hath a husband." From far and near persons came to whom she had been blessed, and who wished to spend the festival with her; and in the village the children who attended her Sunday afternoon class anxiously watched what was going on in her rooms on the evening of December 24. A friend took especial care to provide suitable presents, consisting of religious books, varying from very small ones to

Holfacker's sermons; and many a liberal hand rendered it possible to gratify a large number of little ones on these occasions. On this, her last Christmas season, the secretary wished to persuade Dorothea to distribute her gifts two Sundays after Christmas Day, in order to prevent several evils, as it was very probable that many came only for the sake of the presents; but her loving spirit would not permit this change. She stood there with great joy amidst the young creatures, many of whom had been abidingly impressed by her loving earnestness.

Their last New Year's Day, too, was, though subdued, very blessed. On New Year's Eve she drew by lot as her texts, 1 Chron. xxix. 5, and Mark viii. 35. How deep an impression was made on her by these texts was apparent to all who saw her earnest face when she had read them, or who heard her address on the following July 21 on these, her New Year's mottoes.

From that day she earnestly longed for a large increase of zeal and fruitfulness in the work which the Lord had intrusted to her, and in which she wished to be faithful to the end. She seemed to pay particular attention to the words, "I must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." She frequently thought about

her departure hence, knowing it must happen sooner or later; and so she could not remain satisfied until she and her sister had given over all their temporal possessions by a deed of settlement to her faithful coadjutor, Samuel Zeller, well knowing that he would use them only for God's glory. She was desirous that after her death her much-blessed work should be carried on; while a longing to go home was henceforward very observable in her, though she continued her path of self-forgetfulness, as will be proved by the following circumstance.

One day after she had been faithfully performing all her duties and visits, from an early hour, she came home rather late in the evening, and for the first time remembered that she had eaten nothing since breakfast.

She could find no bread, because everything was locked up; so, as she would not awaken any one (for the people of the house were gone to bed) she knelt down, and regretting that she had not gone first to Jesus in prayer, she pleaded earnestly for forgiveness. She was so much strengthened that she rose without any further desire for food, and visited some more patients before retiring to rest.

An increasing number of guests arrived as the

summer advanced. Visitors from Germany, who were traveling in Switzerland, wished to see and converse with the self-denying Dorothea, with the hope of deriving blessing from an interview with her: from this cause she was often obliged to postpone her visits to the sick in her house until quite late at night.

In the commencement of the summer, a new house was added, which was designed as a refuge for the mentally afflicted, and also to be used as a place of meeting: this house required so much superintendence from Dorothea, that she was obliged to give up most of her classes at the parent institution. Work brought work; much in the same way as an avalanche becomes larger and larger, as it rushes on its onward course, so did engagements of various kinds crowd so thickly upon her, that the continuance of a life of such unceasing activity could scarcely be anticipated. She prayed to be particularly strengthened for the salvation and conversion of souls, as that was her greatest joy; and soon after her prayer, a person came to her with the assurance that she had been led by her to a knowledge of the forgiveness of her sins, and was truly happy in the love of God.

Any one who looked at her as she spoke so

earnestly and zealously, must have wondered at the love which beamed forth from her countenance. She once spoke on 1 Chron. xxix., her New-Year's text: the following are some of her observations: —

"My text is clearer to me now than it was on New Year's Day. This chapter has certainly not come accidentally before me, especially the fact that David gave everything to his son. I have long devoted myself to the Lord, but this year I have transferred all my temporal goods to Samuel, that he may not use them for himself, but for the service of souls. It is our duty to give up our lives even unto death, even as Jesus laid down his life for us. Do not care for yourselves: Jesus forgot Himself: and ever zealously maintain that our institution is the work of the Lord. He is the Father, the Physician, the Priest, the All in all in this house, and He will carry on this labor though we may not see the successors whom He has chosen for its future service.

Verses 8 *and* 9. — "We ought to praise God every day; it is only when we can bless the Lord in bad as well as in good weather that we are like the apostles. How have I been shamed by Paul and Silas, who gave thanks in a prison amidst chains and irons, and by Peter, who though bound

in fetters, could sleep quietly and uncomplainingly between two soldiers. Those who are bound in spirit should do as did Paul and Silas, and then their fetters would burst. If those who are always lamenting that they cannot make progress in conformity to God's word, would only believe his promises, they would soon alter. We have a God who rejects no one; call to Him, and praise the Lord who bursts asunder the bonds, and has gifts for men. Then you will no longer complain and murmur.

Verses 10 *and* 11.—"It is my earnest desire that the Most High should always abide in our homes and hearts. My children never ought to value anything more than Jesus; they should give Him all the honor. I will leave their future welfare to Him. They must lay all in his hands, knowing that if they withhold from Him, He has power to chastise them. They must be as strangers and pilgrims here, living as citizens away from their own country. Cling to nothing on earth, engrave deep on your hearts that our life is like a shadow, and has no continuance. May God give me grace to look always to Him, and never hearken to those who recommend taking care of one's self, for notwithstanding all my labors and night watching, I am stronger now than when I first gave myself

to his service. It is not for us to love life since our Saviour shed his blood for us.

Verses 17 *and* 18. — "I would now ask God to preserve in me the desire joyfully to dedicate myself to him. If it depended on us to bear on our hearts all these names (she wrote in a little book the names of those who asked for prayer) I should grieve over every letter, for who can think of everybody, or remember them all by name? But the Lord will hear without the names. When we had to enlarge our house the first time, all the sick had to be sent away, which occasioned me much grief and sorrow. Then the Lord granted me such a refreshment! An urgent petition came from Zurich that I should remember in prayer a child, who had long been dangerously ill, and seemed to have an evil spirit, that it might not die until it was freed from this awful influence. I never prayed by name for it, yet in about four weeks they wrote to tell me that as soon as the letter had reached Männedorf the child had exclaimed, 'Mother, a Christian is praying!' and in three weeks she had died happily. But do not trust to my prayers for you; pray for yourselves as though no one pleaded for you, then all will be well.

Verse 19. — "'Give unto Solomon my son a per-

fect heart.' If I did not believe that the Lord would keep immovable our Samuel, and would make him walk blamelessly in his ways, I should look with sorrow on what has been given to him; but the Lord will grant strength, and will finish what He has begun.

Verse 22. — "In the New Testament we have something far more glorious, we are all 'kings.' Power accompanied the anointing of the kings, and if we really belong to the kingly priesthood shall not strength to heal the sick by prayer come on us as through the anointing of the Spirit? If we only wear our Levite dress, and are consecrated in soul and body — if we are only prepared to be vessels of his grace — it is his part to bless. O, that we were willing not to do more than God would have us do, then would this day be one of great reviving to us!"

She suffered at this time from great weakness in the back, and could often scarcely remain in the meetings. She considered this to be a temptation from the devil, and used to say to him, "If it becomes still worse, it will not make me rest." She had sometimes such need to pray for strength that she scarcely knew what she was saying, and was often quite surprised when told, "You said so and so." Yet the Spirit helped her wonderfully, for

certainly these expositions were so instructive that they proved to be of quickening and enlivening power to many.

As the heat of the weather became more oppressive, there were foreshadowings in the house of an undefined something, a storm which was approaching amidst the height of labor and work, which was to leave behind it blessed consequences by the help of God. For some time a fever had taken away its victims in a neighboring hamlet, and now, as a messenger of death, its sword was stretched over Männedorf. A young girl fell sick in the village, notwithstanding the usual remedies, and soon every house became a hospital. One of the patients was a Sunday scholar, especially beloved by Dorothea, and, without thinking of the infection, she frequently visited her and a neighbor, who had also the same fever. The more her strength failed, the more manifest was her love in word and deed. She exhorted all to be faithful, and to trust to God only. "Cling to no creature, not even to me," she often said. "Look to Jesus, and not to his miserable instruments, whom He can remove from you at any moment."

On the last Sunday before her illness Dorothea had her usual morning meeting, and spoke with life and power at it, and at the Sunday school

and evening meeting. During the latter there was held in the room below, a French Bible class. For the last time the hymns in both languages were united, and rose together as songs of conflict and victory to where the "Holy, holy, holy" is always resounding. At the large meeting at five o'clock she listened to an address on Psalm i. She was very happy while hearing this precious portion of God's word; and so passed the last Sunday which she was to spend in active service. She had felt the power which was often remarked as present in her house on Sundays. They were blessed seasons. Men were really fed with the manna of the New Testament. The time after the services was not wasted in idle talking, nor in those foolish pleasures which the world is so slow in forsaking. Persons of varied characters met, and united happily. There was not much time for those strangers, who came to the Bible reading at half past nine in the morning, to spend in trifling; for the reading was followed by a prayer-meeting at ten, an address at one, a Sunday school for children at three, a lecture for the awakened at five, and a meeting for the Germans and French at eight P.M. It is true the suggestion was often made that there was too much of these good things; but could Dorothea feel this to be the case, when she reflected

on the majority of her hearers as having so little knowledge of the word of God, and so little understanding of the relation of Jesus to our hearts, while her peculiar wish and joy was to try to bring them to Christ? She would at least invite them, and then every one was free to come or to remain away.

On Tuesday, August 21, she paid her last visit to a sick person outside the house. One of those who accompanied her says: "The time in the steamboat passed quickly in refreshing conversation. Our Mother was especially pleased by a blind woman, who had drunk of the water of life, and had experienced that the words of Jesus are spirit and life, and quicken those who receive them in child-like faith and simplicity. At B—— the company wandered along the shore of the beautiful lake. We spoke of the mental experiences of life, particularly of different ages and their characteristics; how young minds sparkle and ferment like new wine, spreading energy everywhere; while the old, going quietly and steadily, peacefully and slowly, exercise, nevertheless, an important influence. Then followed a short account of the French meeting on Sunday, which Dorothea gave with great joy, adding the observation, that 'when one strikes a full vessel, it makes no noise.'"

She was much pleased by the heavily-laden fruit trees, which required several props in consequence of the abundance of their produce. She saw in them a picture of the true Christian; and when a child asked whether men ought not to have such supports to help them to bear fruit, she replied, "Yes, but for that only; it is so blessed to bring forth much fruit." We did not then think that she would soon break down under the weight of her great fruitfulness. The visit was paid, and she returned, having seen Zurich for the last time.

On Sunday, August 16, she addressed her last meeting with great power and earnestness. One of her guests made the following notes of her discourse. The text was from Psalm xcvii.

Verse 1.—"We know that the subjects of a king must pay exact obedience to Him. If we were as attentive to our heavenly King, how happy should we be. We must faithfully examine whether we are really espoused to Christ, whether we stand in a closer connection to our divine Sovereign, and give Him a stricter obedience, for we are kingly subjects of a King.

Verse 2.—"As soon as a heart comes under the rule of this loving King, and He has made his dwelling in it, it rejoices. I have never known

one who has continued after that to have a sad spirit. It gives the greatest joy to such hearts when He becomes King in other hearts also. Clouds and darkness will surround us so long as we stand in our own righteousness, not espoused to God, and wearing a garment of our own works. After years of piety, if the Lord were to enter into judgment with me, I could only pray for mercy. O, may no one die without discovering that his own works, which are not wrought by God's Spirit, are only self-righteous! I have often been near death, and have never then felt that I could do anything to win the Lord. I could only thank Him for not having sent me to hell. We must feel certain that we have laid aside our own righteousness.

Verses 3–7.—"His eyes are like lightning, revealing everything. When He looks at any one, they shrink into themselves. It is glorious to see how the mountains of sin vanish before the love of God. If we have truly experienced what it is to have the Lord's righteousness, we can speak of nothing else but seeking to draw souls to Him; we have no other wish than to give our lives to Him from love.

Verse 7.—"Much knowledge is needed to keep us from serving idols. If we do not in everything

seek God's glory, we may well be ashamed. There is a wide-spread idolatry. Many mothers make idols of their children, not considering the good of their souls. The mother who sees her child sinning, and does not reprove it with earnestness and love, will suffer for it.

Verse 8. — "God himself speaks to Zion. The true inhabitants of it no longer complain at his government, but rejoice under his rule. He guides each one as may be best for him. Whoever gets loose from himself by the Spirit of God, and does not mind, even when things appear unpromising, will find the Lord will make a new creature of him. When the Bible was opened to me, I could not understand how I had so long read it as a closed book. Pray that He may open the Scriptures to you.

Verse 10. — "A hatred of sin must spring up in our hearts. Only those who are born again can overcome the world. They need no longer care for themselves, for the Lord preserves the souls of his saints. If I abide in Him, He abides in me; but we must be in earnest if we would be Christians. When I look to myself and my own strength, I know that I cannot stand three days. Grace does not consist in talking. It is when the power of Jesus' blood dwells in us that we can serve Him in

a new life. We may be quite happy if we are among those who have truly believed. The real living power must be in us, that we may walk blameless even amongst the most ungodly. Though in the midst of wolves, no harm can happen to us. If any evil does come to you, you must blame yourself. Possibly the Pharisee, who appears outwardly better than he really is, manifests himself in you. We can never adhere too closely to God's word.

Verse 11.—"It does not say here that the righteous will never be without light, or that he will always have sunshine; but he should be content with what God sends. If God appoints clouds and fogs, it is because we should be overpowered were the sun always visible. Clouds and fogs produce fruitfulness in nature, and spiritual ones are useful to the soul.

Verse 12.—"The more a man is led out of himself, entering into contact with Jesus, and acknowledging Him in his glory and greatness, the more will he abhor everything unholy, while he will have a fervent love for those who have not experienced this happiness, and who still love, as it were, an unsaved life of delusion."

After this meeting she went from one patient to another to repeat the substance of her address.

Then she said, "I feel as if I had now bidden farewell to all; but I am sorry I did not go to those of our inmates who are affected in mind." She lay down on a sofa, and wished to write a letter, but was prevented by fatigue, and remarked, "I do not think that the Lord will suffer me to be long ill. When He wishes to remove me, I think He will summon me suddenly from the field of labor."

At five o'clock in the afternoon Dorothea went to bed, and had a bad night, though the Lord permitted her Sabbath to be much as usual. On Monday afternoon, however, when she had called some of her children to her bed, she was obliged to interrupt herself, exclaiming, "Wait a little. I must raise myself up to get breath." The child who supported her in her arms prayed aloud, thinking she was certainly dying. After the prayer, she folded her hands and prayed, "Saviour, Thou knowest that I still cling with love to my children; but if Thou willest, take me hence; Thou canst supply my affection for them. I will not ask aught of Thee for them. Thou hast strength enough for me. O, then, keep my children!" She appeared much comforted by this prayer. Towards evening, when her throat was much parched by the increasing fever, she said, "If the

Lord did not help me wonderfully, I should be suffocated." In the night, at half past three, she had another such paroxysm, which happily passed away in answer to the prayer of another child who was summoned. One person, who was afflicted by terrible outbreaks of despair, was affectionately exhorted by her not to incur for herself the grief of having doubted God, as that was the heaviest sin.

When she was alone she wept, and when asked the reason by some one coming in, said, "I should have been heartily glad if my sister and E—— could have gone home before me; but they will meet with true affection here." She added, "Is it not true that you promised me to be really helpful to your brother?" To those present she remarked, "This sickness is a judgment in the air, and judgment must first begin at the house of God."

In the afternoon she lay apparently insensible, yet really observing all that passed around her. A few words now and then showed us what was occupying her thoughts. Among other things she spoke of photographs, and said "O, throw away my likenesses. Do not let the lithograph of me now being taken be finished. Pictures are fine cords which bind us to the creature; but we ought not to cling to them."

On the following night, at twelve o'clock, she said to one who was watching and weeping by her, "You must not cry; it grieves me when you weep for my sake; I cannot now prove my love to any one." She reminded us especially what a deep sin idle words are. "An idle word is an abomination to the Lord," she remarked.

On Wednesday, August 20, at four in the morning, N——, who had laid down at half past twelve, got up. Dorothea said to her, "Now you are losing your mother. Do not disturb me again; I do not wish you to incur harm from my illness;" then turning to the wall, she continued, "O, do pray for me." Thinking her last hour was come, she wished to see the rest of the children, that she might pray once more with them, and take leave of them. We can not describe what all our hearts suffered in separating from her who had so faithfully ministered unto us.

Feelings of grief for the approaching loss, gratitude for her who had been so long spared to us, and for the numerous blessings vouchsafed, mingled strangely in the hearts of the bystanders with unholy thoughts about the strongly reigning powers of darkness. When the children had prayed, one after another, she began to cry with a loud voice unto the Lord, pleading for all present,

for all the children, and all friends far and near, for her relations, and for the enemies of the work. After this, the domestics came in to bid farewell to her, and they can never forget how earnestly she exhorted them to accept God's love now and to believe. Her prayer was, "Lord, receive us all!" She particularly entreated those who had worked with her to be very tender to the erring and heavy-laden, and to show them three times as much love as hitherto, however bad they might be.

From a fresh access of weakness her eyes were nearly closed; she therefore wished that some one should lay their hands on her. It was done, and her eyes became clear again. When N—— was alone with her, she said, "Give me a little water." (Formerly she never drank water.) N—— offered her half a glass full, but that did not satisfy her. She drank one glass after another; then, as if awaking from a dream, she remarked, "It is wonderful to me that I am still here;" and, afterward, "Some one is keeping me back!" The water seemed to have quenched all the fever, her eyes became bright and clear, and resumed their usual expression of spirit, power, life, and love.

CHAPTER VIII.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

THE joyful message that there were hopes of recovery could now be taken to those friends who were awaiting in the house the announcement of her death. Truly did praise arise like incense to the Lord from the various rooms and closets. The Spirit was working in Dorothea's sick room, and with great power and earnestness she exclaimed, "When I get well let no one come to me and say, 'Take care of yourself;' for when we work for the Lord we have the express promise, that if we drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt us, and so I will listen to no one who tells me I do too much, but will persevere according to God's word. This illness has not befallen me because I worked too hard, but rather because I listened too much to those who wished to take care of me. I ought to

have firmly withstood the enemy who tempted me in this manner. It was unbelief in me to think that the disease had come to me (as the enemy insinuated) by nursing Mrs. N——; if I had not listened I should have gained the victory, and the Lord would have expelled the spirit that came into me" (referring to the fact that, while nursing a woman who had cancer, she suffered for the first time from unconquerable nausea, which deprived her of her appetite until the end of her life). "I have taken too much care of myself and of my children, and it was not faithful love that made me say to them this morning, 'Do not touch me again, lest you injure yourselves.' "

A friend coming in from V——, she took her hand and began praying, as, perhaps, she had never before prayed. "Faithful Saviour," she said, "now I understand Thee for the first time; though the furnace is hot, Thou leadest me through it. Praise and blessing be to Thee for it." In her prayer she gave several hints that we did not watch and pray sufficiently; she recalled the time when we did not think it too much to be on our knees until midnight, and when, in consequence, we greatly realized the power of Jesus. She promised the Lord to recommence differently, and to be more zealous in his service.

As soon as she felt free from fever, she asked for her clothes, remarking, "Now I am well again, I must get up, and acknowledge that all my illness was only a trick of the devil's." This was not permitted; so she employed the quiet time in giving earnest exhortations.

When they were at dinner she said, "I really could get up, I am so well; but it would be foolish to die to-morrow from getting up to-day; so it must not be."

To the question whether it is not necessary for us also to pass through Golgotha, she answered with emphasis, "Yes, I think so; but it is better for us than it was for Jesus, for He remains with us that we may not be alone, and He lays on us no more than we can bear."

After this conversation, which had lasted nearly the whole morning, she needed quiet and stillness; in the afternoon she expressed a wish to be alone for ten days, telling N—— to remain, but not to let any one else into the room. Upon drinking some water her cough became very troublesome, and renewed the fever, until she exclaimed with believing courage, "No, Thou wilt not have this. Thou, Lord, canst easily deliver me from this evil;" and immediately the cough stopped. How refreshing to her were such tokens of the love of

Christ amidst her conflict with the powers of darkness! Truly the Lord, whose name is a strong tower, furnished her with the necessary weapons for the conflict with Satan, who leveled at her his fiercest darts during this her last illness; nevertheless she was enabled by her sole means of defense, the power of Christ's blood, to come forth more than conqueror.

We all had hopes that she would recover, but toward night fever manifested itself again. She spoke to us in broken sentences about various things. "Is it not indeed a precious, pure, and real love," she said to the bystanders, "since in it there is no mixture of flesh and spirit?" She expected S—— very anxiously; as he did not come, she said, "I should have been quiet long ago, if he had arrived sooner." At last he came, laid his hands on her and prayed, whereupon the fever diminished. The rest of the night was good.

On Tuesday she was very ill; the fever was progressing, and a heavy weight lay on her soul. She often said, "What strength, what strength! It is a drowsy atmosphere in the house, a sleepy influence, which oppresses me." Then she prayed, "Lord, when I sit in darkness, be Thou my light; suffer me not to murmur; let me not incur that

reproach on my sick bed." After N—— had laid hands on her, the fever abated; but she did not leave her, though herself tired and weak, and, indeed, could scarcely be drawn away for a little rest. Faith and hope were to be made strong by trial, and the Lord vouchsafed help. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This is God's promise to the believing soul. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." All experienced this; and every morning brought with it afresh what was needed for the nursing of the "Mother," as well as for the typhus patients in the house and village, and for the general domestic arrangements.

Friday, her favorite day, recalling as it did the death of her Saviour, passed away. On Sunday she suffered much. As she heard very acutely, she remarked, "The bells at Männedorf do not sound as usual; they ring like funeral bells, like the announcement of a judgment." In high fever she called out, "O, unbelief, how thou hast betrayed me without my noticing it!" She exhorted the children to be truly obedient to God's word, as by disobedience the heart gets misled and the eyes blinded. She also bade them continue in unity and faith, for all are easily led astray when not standing in child-like simplicity. When they

asked her how she was, she answered, "I am like a ship abandoned by its pilot."

Sunday passed quietly enough; but toward evening she said, as if she had passed through another sharp internal conflict during prayer, "The devil has a great spite against our opinions." On Monday the erection of the new house was commenced. Although the workmen took great pains to be quiet, and entered with true sympathy into our sorrow, still the noise increased Dorothea's fever. It was remarked to her, that though she was willing to remain here for her children's sake, she could leave all resignedly to her Saviour.

She passed quietly through Tuesday and Wednesday. Still the nights were very bad, and at midnight, in particular, a peculiar influence seemed to arise over her, though it was conquered by a higher power. Those present in the house, and who were employed in watching the sick during the night, united for an hour of prayer, in which those who were nursing in the village joined in spirit. In the daytime also, they had recourse to the same weapon. The family worship had been discontinued for some time, but they prayed all the more, and thus received strength to bear much grief in faith.

On Thursday the waiting soul felt her end ap-

proaching. Dorothea, without speaking, laid her hand on the nearest of the children who had come to take leave of her; she only addressed a word to a young clergyman who had come from a distance, saying to him, "Imitate His spirit." She particularly wished to see the elder Sunday scholars, and gave them parting advice which they will never forget. On Friday she felt as if forsaken by God and man. It was very remarkable how she predicted which of the sick would die. We had not told her how God had already removed several dear fellow-laborers, merely saying that they were ill; yet she frequently mentioned the true state of the case, and sent away S—— from her, as it was her duty to nurse the other patients, with the words, "Go back to your calling."

The third and last week arrived. Early on Sunday morning she began to pray, to the great astonishment of the bystanders, for during the previous night she had not said a word, merely making signs with the head, so that they had believed her speechless. She prayed for the children, and especially for a backslider, about whom, however, she could give no opinion. It seemed as if the last conflict was over, and she had now emerged from it as a conqueror through Christ's blood, as if the sad night of suffering had passed,

and the clear light of the new day had arisen; and she poured out prayers of gratitude and victory like a stream, which, having been long restrained, now burst all barriers. When they wished to stop her, fearing an increase of fever, she said, "O, let me praise and bless. If no one else will give thanks, I will do it."

As soon as a bystander prayed aloud, she was quiet, but speedily began again to exclaim, "Christ has conquered! Glory, glory, glory!" A fit Sabbath cry, and one which had never been heard from her before during her illness; but to-day it appeared as if she largely experienced the sustaining power of Jesus. She continued, "Give thanks that the Lord is conqueror. O Saviour, make my children to overcome; make them free from everything which is not of thee; make them wholly separate." Thus she prayed until evening, when her voice quite failed. The night was still and quiet.

On Monday she spoke very little, but looked joyfully at every one who approached her bed. I can not say what was passing in her mind. The Lord seemed to have accomplished his purpose, for she appeared at perfect rest after the hard conflict and fighting. In the night she slumbered a little, but spoke also in broken, though frequently very

forcible, sentences. For example, she said to a friend who was watching by her, and had asked for comfort, "Forsake no true believer." This, her last week, was remarkably quiet. Tuesday passed in the same way. Only a few words fell as grains of corn into their hearts. "Remove mountains," she said to one; "Be a true yoke-fellow," to another. In the afternoon her features suddenly changed, and the children gathered round her to sing their favorite hymn, "Let me go," &c. She slept much during Wednesday. Once more the torch of life was to flare up, to be all the more quickly extinguished. This rally had deceived some. They cherished the hope that the crisis had now passed. The next day she scarcely said anything; but on Friday, the day before her death, her mouth was again opened. She remarked, amongst other things, "Much is said in the Bible of the freedom of God's children, yet men will not receive this doctrine. How sad this is! Man must be made free, quite free, quite released."

During her last night (Friday-Saturday, September 6) she prayed nearly all the time, and even when she had concluded her prayer with the sentence, "Hear me for thy name's sake. Amen," she immediately began again. Her prayer became increasingly loud, so that I awoke, and went to her

at four o'clock. Others followed, wishing to show their affection by nursing her and handing her cooling drinks; but she would not allow herself to be moved. Soon her words were no longer audible, but her lips still moved. The children stood around her bed. S—— prayed aloud, and commended her into the Lord's hands. After the prayer, she laid her head down and slept, to awake in eternity to the sight of Him in whom she had so faithfully believed, whom she had so earnestly loved, and whom she served even unto death.

The true heart ceased to beat; the dear eyes closed; the praying mouth was dumb. Happy and blessed she lay there, a radiance of heavenly light seeming to be shed around her. Her longing for "home," which had shown itself by her singing with delight songs of death while still well, was gratified now. The children, mute and astonished, but not weeping or wailing, followed in spirit the precious departed one to the presence of the Lord. Praise and thanksgiving filled their hearts; rest and peace reigned in the chamber of death and throughout the house. Those left behind, knowing and believing that Jesus can be all in all to us, went away comforted from the death-bed to nurse the surviving patients. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The tidings of death were speedily conveyed to friends at a distance by telegraphic dispatches, and produced varied effects. One writes, "Now believers must pray the more earnestly that the Lord may grant them his grace, that their bodies may be like the saints of old times; for from all living bodies power ought to proceed, as it did pre-eminently from the body of Jesus." Another says, "It is the finger of the Lord; the right time had come." A third, "She has not lived long, but has accomplished much."

The day of her interment, September 9, 1862, arrived. Friends and acquaintances streamed in from far and near to follow her remains to their resting-place. At half past ten the corpse of her whom some loved and esteemed so highly, while despised and hated by others, because God's honor had been her sole object in life, was placed before the door of the house. They could see through an opening in the lid of the coffin that face on which drops of perspiration had often stood from her earnestness in commending God's word to their souls. A hymn was sung by the Sunday school children and friends who followed the body. Mons. Danliker, from Berne, held a thanksgiving meeting in the open air, when he fervently prayed God for a new outpouring of his Spirit on the sur-

vivors. After the funeral, the pastor, Kupfer, from Grampelin, who was a friend of the deceased, gave an address in the hall of the house, from which I extract the following remarks. The text was Ps. cxvi. 3–16.

"'Dorothea' means the gift of God, and as such we may regard her who has now gone home, since we always proved her to be so. The Lord gave; He hath taken away; to his name be the praise!

Verse 3. — "By God's impenetrable counsel our Mother has had to pass through the dark valley. He permitted her to undergo great conflicts; yet how blessed is it now for her, as she has died in the Lord! We see no longer the inward struggles, the anguish and strivings of the soul, but we know that Jesus stands with us, dropping comfort into our hearts, and with Him all things are possible.

Verse 4. — "The deceased was a woman of prayer. We owe much to her intercessions with God; eternity will bring still more to light. In days both of health and sickness, yea, even on her death-bed, prayer was her delight and strength. She crawled like a worm to beg for nothing but that grace which accomplishes everything, and so she lived and died in communion with God.

Verse 5. — "God is gracious, and just, and mer-

ciful — such was the creed of our loved one. When the Lord sends you trouble, bring it before Him, direct it to the gracious and righteous God, and thus it will reach the sanctuary. God's dealings are all grace and love. It was thus He sent his Son. He is just; so He demands nothing from us of the debt which Jesus has paid. May we be as confident of the Lord's righteousness as our Mother was, for she firmly believed that God has pity on the vilest sinners, and always impressed this on her patients.

Verse 6. — "She was single-minded; the eyes of her mind were directed solely to the work of grace, to the paid debt of sin; and so she shunned idle words, and preferred seasons of solitude and quiet. The chief thing in her was, that her eyes, heart, and thoughts were entirely occupied with the Saviour.

Verse 8. — "Her footsteps are left for all who follow after. We may believe that the Lord preserves his instruments by his Almighty power, as formerly; yet it is not to be denied that so long as we remain in this world of death we are liable to fall; and the history of the church gives us many heart-rending examples of this as a warning to us. She often wept, not from personal grief or from discontent, but from pity for the amount of

misery among men. Now all tears are dried from her eyes. They had frequently flowed for her children of sorrow, as she thought of their spiritual interests, and laid their sins before the throne of Jesus, often pleading for them more earnestly than they had ever prayed for themselves. She could speak much from experience of how souls can be snatched from spiritual death; she had felt the freedom of God's children herself, and therefore she pressed it warmly on others. She did not shrink from speaking plainly to those invalids who were still dead in sins. One felt peculiarly drawn to her in adversity; and I shall not forget how, on my first visit to her, the word penetrated to my heart; the force which propelled it was love, which in her was literally boundless. She was, indeed, experimentally risen with Christ — severed from sin, she had no more fellowship with it.

"Perhaps the one tie in her heart which had yet to be sacrificed on Moriah was her astonishing affection for her children; but that was also ruled by the Lord. She did not love them equally with Him, nor over and above Him, but in Him their Saviour.

Verse 10. — "'I believe, therefore have I spoken.' May her faith become our inheritance! Who can forget the openness with which she spoke the truth

to high and low? She was not troubled by the fear of men, because she did not seek their favor, but that of God. How often do we feel that we ought to bear witness, and yet we do it not! If we duly realize that all men are invited to the kingdom of heaven, our voices would oftener be raised to entreat persons with earnest love to enter in. Her faith guided all her ways and steps, so that she was always scattering seeds of corn, instead of gossiping about trifles.

Verse 11. — "'All men are liars;' and so by nature her heart was lying, deceitful, refractory, rebellious. She confessed this of herself; and this made her diligent in watching and praying, as she remembered the trail of the serpent was near her, and it led her to exhort others, in conversations and letters, to watch and pray also. We will now return to the Psalm.

Verse 12. — "'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?' Was not Dorothea one of the 'benefits' which He granted to us, and so long preserved to us? She was a blessing to so many! Numbers in her house received the word of God unto eternal life; many learned to bear their cross and their burdens without being weighed down; many could now say, 'I can make use of this and any other circumstance

for the good of my soul.' How shall we now testify our gratitude to the Lord?

Verse 13.—"'I will take the cup of salvation.' The Lord gives each one a cup to drink—something hard to bear; often it may be very embarrassing circumstances in life which are bitter for the old man, but their very bitterness renders them wholesome. Let us bear with contentment and resignation what the Lord lays on us. Let us remember Augustine's mother, who morning after morning waited for the Lord's help. The cup of the Lord is the cup of long tarrying. 'I will call upon the name of the Lord.' So many fail in this respect! We have such repeated opportunities of proclaiming his name in large and small circles! A lady, who was still wavering undecidedly between Christ and the world, though very anxious for the truth, was invited by another lady to a *soirée.* The latter professed to be a Christian, and was considered pious, yet she was ashamed to speak of Jesus before the other. After a conversation, which lasted two hours, during which nothing had been said about Christ by the Christian, the lady went away, decided now; but for what?—for the world. We must bear witness before all people, and not only before those who are like-minded with us. The world assembles to speak of its idols, and

shall we be silent about the living God? We must proclaim the name of Jesus, and thus we shall prove our gratitude to Him.

Verse 15. — "The death of God's saints is precious. It makes a greater stir than many years of work. Once in a congregation where there had been no true life for a long time, the clergyman died suddenly — being struck by paralysis while administering the sacrament. A religious awakening among the people was produced by this, and in the same way the death of our Mother may be the cause of blessing. We will not value our life so highly, nor care so much for ourselves, since we may have only a few days more. May God preserve our faith, and give us a living power to endure opposition; for it is a poor faith and a weak confidence which would make us grieve even over the loss of our lives. If our peace be real, we shall be immovable.

Verse 16. — "Her bonds are now broken. If, while she was still in her mortal body and in the midst of sickness, she could exclaim, 'Glory, glory,' how much more can she now ascribe honor to Him who has redeemed her, as she enters on a blessed eternity!

"'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' She carried this out not only in her

Bible classes, but in her private conversations and her correspondence, proving how 'the one thing needful' for herself and for others lay on her heart. If any one asked advice from her, either by word or letter, they might be certain that she would give no false comfort, nor seek by flattery to gain love and affection, but would recommend the Word with power and warmth. She resembled the battery of an electric machine. From the love of Jesus manifested in her, a living power streamed out, and every one who approached could feel something of the hidden strength which filled and encircled her; and though sometimes the first interviews were not pleasant for 'the old man,' yet the results were of the highest value to soul and body."

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

SOME letters and extracts, written in the latter part of the life of Dorothea, are given in this chapter, as affording a glimpse of the working of her mind, her simple, child-like trust, and her confidence under all her trials, that *all* things work together for good to them that love God.

My dearly loved Children: Your safe arrival gave me great joy, and if I had wings and could fly, or if I could be in two places at the same time, I would gladly visit our beloved invalid; but if you were now to look back into our house, you would see clearly that it would be presumption for me even to ask whether the Lord wishes me to go; for so many persons have arrived that I have not dared to go even into the

village, because they see I can only visit a portion of the sick. Do you know what we will do now?

We will pray, with a patriarch's faith, for great grace, that we may trust God to do what is best, and that He may give you Abraham's faith and real devotion, for it is possible for the Lord to stop the knife, even when it is already lifted up, and there seems to be no way of escape. I would say to all who are in such circumstances, "Search the Bible well, and use everything as a means of bless ing," because I know from experience that the Sabbath days are the days of the greatest benefit, if one receives them with child-like obedience from the Saviour's hands. Do not pray, "Grant me this, leave me that," but say, "Do not leave it to me, on any account, if it will not prove a living blessing.' Dear friends, who do not give up everything in submission to God's will, if you only knew what blessings there are in implicit obedience, and in entire self-renunciation, you would pray to have nothing but the Lord, and that He would leave none of you until you are complete in Him. Our earnest petitions should be for full deliverance, full purification.

Now, my dear friends, as I cannot comply with your wish, I will lay all before the Lord as soon as this letter is finished; and He who has promised

that "before they call I will answer," will so bless you inwardly and outwardly, that you will understand that instead of sending his miserable child, He goes Himself.

Beloved, I would that my whole life were so in unison with God that when I and my children pray, we should do so with apostolic simplicity, proving Him to be the same God as He to whom the imprisoned Peter prayed; and if we are already free, it is all the more important to pray that we may experience not only justifying but also glorifying grace; that all of self may utterly vanish, and that we may become a purified Zion, praising and thanking Him from the heart for the victory which is given to us in Christ Jesus. The Lord grant you all his rich blessing!

With motherly love, I remain,

Your affectionate

D. TRUDEL.

MY DEAR PASTOR: I commence my answer to your letter with praise and thanksgiving for all the Lord has done for your daughter and others; and had I time I could tell you, without end, of what God has wrought lately in many souls and bodies. Tell your daughter that I most earnestly desire that the Lord may make her feel her own nothing-

ness, and that, as He has restored her voice, He would so rule it that it may proclaim nothing but the praises and glory of our God.

But I must also write something about the awakening, which is increasing among the neighboring congregations.

When the quickening fire really burns in our hearts, and when the first love is nourished and maintained by the grace of God and by an earnest spirit of prayer, its origin being divine, it will break through all that hinders; but it is very dangerous when, as often happens, the interest only lasts during the revival, leaving matters worse than they were before. Therefore opposition in a place where there are awakened souls seems to me to be very desirable; the devil thinks he will turn them away, and that the heavenly flame shall not spread among them; but his endeavors only make men more earnest in prayer. If I had time I could tell you of how the divine fire of love first began to blaze in Männedorf, how the enemy arose like a roaring lion, and yet how, by God's grace and strength, this fire has proved an abiding one to the present day.

When, at the commencement of the work, professedly religious people said it was only a fire of stubble, that would soon be quenched, I told my

children (for so I call the awakened here) that we would trust in the Saviour, as children in a father, not to suffer our fuel to fail, as He has sufficient provision for it, so that, instead of being extinguished, it might burn increasingly clearly; for I know from experience that when the divine flame does not consume all selfishness, all pride, all frivolity, all ambition, yea, all that is not really sanctified, we can not be the Saviour's instruments, and He neither can nor will use us. All that is self-willed must die; so that in every case we may be able to say, "My meat is to do the will of my Father." In your present circumstances of seeking a preacher, it is best for you to ask for him whom God would choose for the place, instead of being led by any human preference. I have heard of many pastors, of whom the majority of their audience will testify that they preach admirably; and, had I been unable to look deeper, I should have agreed that they were excellent clergymen, as it would really appear that they desired to bring souls to Jesus. But with a sorrowful heart I must feel that these stand where you stood fifteen years ago. They rejoice when they can point out Jesus as the Messiah to any one, and they do not know that they are self-deceived, and that all their work resembles the description in Isa. lvii. 10, and lacks

the power of apostolic testimony. If we speak with new tongues, the fruit of our lips will be the result of God's Spirit.

We will pray with one another for the tongues from God, to be able to cry out with loud voices to the people, "We have experienced all ourselves, we believe, not from mere hearsay, not because we have seen it in others, but because we feed on the sweet milk of the Gospel, and we every day test the power of the blood, since we have everything purchased for us by it, by his sufferings and his death, as it is written, 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; and with his stripes we are healed.'" We must be witnesses for God, witnesses who are constrained to do all for the love of Christ. I cannot describe to you how miserable it appears to me that so many shepherds are strangers to the fold; but do not think that I blame them. I pity them from my heart, and often say to my children who have such pastors, "I would rather that they were swineherds than that a congregation of immortal souls should be confided to them; for they lag behind Moses, who had only the Old Testament, instead of having the love that Paul had even for those who wished to stone him, which would have made him rather be accursed and banished from Christ, that his brethren might be saved."

I do not know anything better to ask for every one than this love. Let us pray with one accord that this Spirit may come upon all of us. I feel ashamed that in the Old Testament Elias could call down fire from heaven to consume the wood and stone, the earth and water, and that we, though children of the New Testament, can not call for the Pentecostal fire to quicken our dead Christianity. A holy indignation seizes me when I read of the fire which burned unceasingly during day and night upon the altar of God. Without this no sacrifice could be consumed, and those who brought strange fire to the offerings were severely punished. I could weep for sorrow that those who call themselves God's children do not understand that we must present our bodies as living sacrifices, that He may make temples of us by his grace, where there shall be no other ornament but the real fire of love, which Jesus exemplified in his perfect self-abasement. The Lord grant that these lines may be blessed, and that, though we may not know each other here in the body, we may be one in spirit, so that when we pray you will unite with us, and when you pray we will join with you, the chief aim of our petition being, that all who are still in sin may be freed from it; that all wolves may be turned into lambs, and may be able to say from

the heart, "The love of God is the spring of my words and actions, and if I live, it is not I, but Christ who liveth in me;" for I know that spiritual pride must be put away from us; that we may all acknowledge that we are nothing, and that Christ is all and in all.

I pray for a blessing on you, and on all in your house, and I beg of you to remember us in your prayers, while we shall not forget to do the same for you. Yours in the Lord.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

VERY BELOVED CHILDREN: The important day is now over, and the first word which the Lord gave us was, Hallelujah! Yes, you may all exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for He has heard the prayers and petitions of his children, like as a mother heareth. He has turned hearts to the truth like water-brooks, and, though a physician was among the judges, they have unanimously pronounced us innocent. We will give God all the glory, and will thank Him with our whole hearts. Shall we now glance at this affair that you may all learn something of how we must behave in such circumstances? Certainly one can only thank the Saviour for all the adversary's blows. O, dearly beloved, if I were to recall my whole life, and were

to tell you what has been the trial which has tended most to the edification of my soul, it would not be the attacks of worldly men, but of those professing Christians who make every difficulty an occasion for insinuating the existence of evil; and thus I have been driven straight to prayer. Do not think I complain of this, for prayer made murmuringly to God is not heard. But then I have laid the matter before God, and have asked Him whether I have been guilty, and the Lord has each time most graciously revealed Himself to me, and has told me so plainly that He will stand by me that I am able to face the enemy. I can say before God that when the judges had determined that our house must be emptied, it had no effect on me but to make me inquire of my children whether they had been really taught by the Holy Spirit; for, if so, they could mark whether the spirit of complete self-denial was in them, which is so pre-eminent in their High Priest's prayer, wherein He makes no mention of himself.

We are nothing but hypocrites, if our love does not make us value the souls of our enemies as highly as our own. If I did not love their souls, I could not exercise a spiritual influence over the erring, the poor, and the sick, or ask for deliverance for them according to God's word. In such a

case we ought not to dare to instruct others in the right way, for we can not speak of the light to them, if Christ the Light be not in us, and shines not around us. I must say that I consider that the love which prizes an enemy's soul as highly as one's own is the surest token of a true Christian. One great aim in our instruction is to make every one love the others. . . .

I can not describe to you, my children, how the Lord blessed and strengthened me last night, so that I nearly exclaimed aloud, "Dear adversaries, what a source of comfort you are!"

Do not think that a thought of annoyance would have passed over me if we had lost the cause. I could have said with confidence to my Saviour, "O, what a shame it would be if I could not leave my children's welfare entirely to Thee! if I could not gladly submit, like others who are one with me in spirit, to lay their souls in thy charge, as Thou knowest the best way, and thy greatest happiness is in maintaining thy cause! if I did not feel satisfied that Thou wouldest open the eyes of the judges!" Even the sorrow which I should have felt at seeing all the patients sent away seemed completely conquered then. In the night, which I spent in prayer, I had the joy of overhearing my children renouncing me, our home, our sisters, and

only praying that the enemies of this work might be as happy as we are. I have indeed experienced that without entire submission there can be no victory. Nettle's text in the morning was Micah iv. 1, 2; Samuel's, Psalm cxlv. 20; mine, Psalm cxlvii. 5.

We were all so joyful together that the next day I had quite to restrain my heartfelt gladness. I retired alone at four o'clock in the morning, and read the chapter for the day, and prayed for our adversaries, and that all our children might get a blessing from this affair, while those who were not interested in spiritual matters might at least be kept from taking offence at it. It was clear to me that God's name would be honored by it, though as yet we could not see in what way. Has He not indeed performed what He had promised, since we were unanimously pronounced innocent of having overstepped the bounds of medicine, as with us God's word is used to heal souls? This is such a new and blessed motive for all of us in life that we take care that souls do not blame us if they are not freed by the power of the blood; and since we asked the Lord to guide the hearts of the judges, we must continue to pray that we may be made blessings to all our foes, and that our house may become a place of freedom to many. I assure you

that the love of Christ in this matter has humbled me to a degree that I do not think would have been possible if all had been lost, I feel myself so unworthy of it. May the Lord bless these words to all of you, and may you go on praying that all who labor in this work may be filled with double power given by the grace of God. The Lord bless you all.

Ever your affectionate mother,

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: It has been our custom at the commencement of every year to choose some words as a motto for it. It is well for all reflecting minds, when looking back on a whole year, during which God has wonderfully guided and maintained them, if they can resign themselves to his future faithful guidance, with the firm belief that throughout their lives not a hair can fall from their heads without his knowledge. If we had not this assurance, I do not know how we could contemplate even a single day without uneasiness; and indeed many, wandering in doubt and fettered by fear, do only see the blackness before them, and do not understand the love of God, which will lead them through this to a sense of their own nothingness.

It is good when one knows from many years' experience that one is nothing, and that it is only God's Spirit which can create light in any soul; otherwise, in glancing over the past year, one could do nothing but torment one's self with the thoughts of what has been left undone even with the best intentions. What a mercy it is when the Lord really teaches a soul that with all its purifyings and cleansings, doings and workings, it can not help the souls of others, except through the grace of the Redeemer!

My beloved children, in nearly all places it is customary on New Year's morning to greet one another with mutual wishes for happiness; and this was a real burden to me for many years, because on that day I was generally peculiarly depressed, sorrowful, and weighed down by my load of sin. How blessed would it be if our country were a land in which God's honor dwelt, in which each soul exercised an apostle's faith, and where the love which one ought to have toward God and man was occupying every heart! But look, dear friends: the practical exercise of this love is not what so many fancy they possess, and with which they rest satisfied, but which does not include love to their enemies. I know this from experience, and we shall all learn it best from the Lord if we wish

Him to open our eyes. It was earnest love for the sinner, combined with a holy zeal against sin, that made Him say even to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." We find nothing in the Saviour of that false courtesy which is current among professing Christians. It is the fear of wounding the feelings which cripples so many saints; this was Eli's stumbling-block, and as its punishment, he lost both his sons in one day.

I often think how much the enemy must desire to quench the light which can alone shine into the soul. To every one of the people, high and low, who comes to our house, Jesus says, "The truth will make you free:" but even the truth can not be borne by the old man, and people are in such a state that one can only lead them gradually to it.

It is well when the love of God which one has really experienced in one's self can be made clear to others; and when one can truly prove that the Saviour's tenderness for sinners is so great, that there is no one in all the world whom He will reject because of sin, though He can give peace to none, if they will not endeavor to forsake their evil ways. We are certain that He has prayed for the sins of the whole world. He has by one offering accomplished the work of redemption. To all

who receive Him by faith, He will give power to become his children. These thoughts must encourage us to deal daily with sinners' hearts, until they comprehend the truth which makes them free; and until they leave off trying to improve themselves, and throw themselves solely on the mercy of Jesus, believing that He has room for all wanderers, and offers his guidance to every soul, as an earnest that He will release it from the image of Adam, and will re-instate it in the image of God. That this change may take place in all who enter my house, is the one object for which my soul longs.

If God had not first said, "Let there be light," we could never have seen the natural world; and it is the same with the new creation of man. He alone can produce the heavenly light in our hearts; and my inmost desire is, that we may all be freed from every sentiment or motive which is not divinely pure, that we may be led from light to light, from strength to strength, from life to life; and that we may all understand how true repentance consists in the change which is produced in the sinner by the Spirit of God, wrought by Him in every one who earnestly desires to know nothing but the Lord's will in all things.

I am sure that the Lord delights to dwell in the

children of men, and so I trust Him to take up his abode in each; and I pray to Him from my heart that none may reject this new birth; but that those who still may have self-will may learn to ask earnestly for entire submission, so that they may be able to thank Him when He gives them the trials He sees fit; for it is written, "He led the children of Israel in the wilderness to prove them." If they had remembered Him, and had unmurmuringly trusted to Him, a rich blessing would have sprung out of all this testing, and they would soon have reached the Promised Land; so, if you wish to reach Canaan quickly, you must be grateful for all the bitter, and must consider that undoubtedly infinite wisdom has deemed it good for you, even though you may not understand it. Joseph did not understand his being sold, yet it was to turn out the best thing for himself and his house; therefore receive trouble as he did, and if you must even suffer chains for righteousness' sake, because you will never willingly do what God forbids, yet you will not ask, "Why?" but will submit to what He ordains. The principle "I bear thy likeness," must be instilled into our hearts, and it is the work of the Divine Refiner to form his image in us. We must just pray not to look at the instruments which are to prepare us, but must love them, notwith-

standing the ill treatment we may receive at their hands.

The Lord grant the joy of the Redeemer to us all throughout this coming year! May He give grace to the children and to me, and enable us to devote our whole lives, our whole existence, to Him as a thank-offering; and may the enemy never succeed in drawing us away from watching and praying! Do you know what my greatest desire for us is? That we may never be enticed from communion with God; therefore I urge Him to keep us in it. If we let ourselves be guided by his love, and if we live every day for Him and the souls of others, He will so preserve us in all our need, that throughout eternity we shall wonder at his wisdom.

When I look back on my unworthiness, on my backsliding, my fond self-seeking, self-satisfied religion, I can not fathom the love of God in not casting me out from among his saints, in not consuming me like those in the Old Testament who kindled and offered strange fire. Yes, I must repeat it, I can not sufficiently wonder at the love of God, in so long bearing with me and my strange fire. The sacred flame which burns in the Sanctuary can not be understood by us until we have the love of God, the true Pentecostal fire, in our

hearts. By it other souls will be attracted and enkindled; and as in the Old Testament all offerings had to be consumed by this fire, and without it were only sin, should we not pray that, knowing something of this heavenly love, we may belong to the holy priesthood of the New Testament, and be warmed and quickened by it? for by it alone will all selfish considerations and objects be destroyed.

I must now describe to you how the New Year began with us. We first drew lots to pray for those living in the house, and a person mentally afflicted was noted down. He had decided talent, and was formerly a missionary in India: for some days at a time his mind would be quite clear, then suddenly he became as though dumb. He had caused us great grief for three days. He had gone on foot to Frauenfeld; we were informed of it, and we had to keep him in restraint. God was so gracious, that when I asked Him whether Samuel should seek and bring back the wanderer, He gave me, as an answer, the text, "I will be surety for him; if I bring him not back, let me bear the blame forever." I could be quiet now, and the Lord kept his word. From that time he was observed to be better; but on New Year's morning, at half past two o'clock, he went toward the door: some one looked after him; he turned toward his

room, and before they could follow him, he had gone out. This was the New Year's greeting in our house, and certainly it was one calculated to show us that we must expect sour and bitter drops in this New Year, and must let nothing hinder us in our search after souls. During the whole day there was no trace of which way the poor man had gone. You may imagine how we prayed for him, that the unhappy being might not perish from the cold.

Last night I received a comforting answer from the Lord. It was about four o'clock, and before Samuel set out again to search for him, a police-man in private clothes brought him back. Thus, on the second day, we had a full answer to prayer, for the Lord went after the lost, and brought him home; therefore I recommend prayer without ceasing as your weapon during the New Year. The more you learn to use this weapon, the more free from care will you be as you pass through this world. It is not we, but He who leads the army! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Your truly attached in the Lord,

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

Extracts from Letters. — 1861.

The children of God receive as sweet food from his hand what is contrary to the natural man, and the Lord educates us by what is distasteful to us. Dear child, please your Saviour and me by conquering yourself in all things, for you will thus be truly happy, and will lead a quiet life in Christ. O, for no barometer Christianity, influenced by the surrounding atmosphere! No, it is Christ who must regulate us. The Lord will form in you, and in all his children, such a living Christianity, that you will be no shaking reed, but will be rooted to the ground, firm and immovable. I think that the greatest happiness is to be free from one's self to serve the Lord, to have no other wish than to say with St. Paul, "This one thing I do," etc. I heartily desire that the Lord may accomplish this in you all.

God helps me wonderfully, and will help you also, if you do not forget that all self-seeking must be destroyed, that you must die daily, and that you must be free from any ruling sin, knowing that Christ is carrying on his work in you. May the love of Christ be our motive in all that we do, so as to live only for Him and for his kingdom! You know that everything which does not come from

God appears only a vain fancy to me, and I do not wish that we should become ceremonial Christians, clinging to something which will make us ashamed. Dear friends, may the Lord ever grant me grace to forget myself entirely in earnest love, that I may never like to hear any one say, "I have learned so-and-so from you." Nothing would grieve me so much as to be a stumbling-block to any. The Lord will bind us all so strongly to Him, that by and by we shall be able to rejoice together over our meeting in heaven.

Endeavor daily to be more faithful to the Saviour, and thank Him for all; not only for what is agreeable to you, but for everything, whether bitter or sweet. Examine yourselves, beloved, search each evening whether you have really performed what was contrary to your will, and exercise yourselves daily and hourly in love. Every day give more attention to yourselves, yet forget yourself entirely, for it is only by so doing that we can become changed. Is it not true that we wish to be the people of the Lord, warriors who do not fear the powder; who, when the strife is hottest, do not fly before the enemy? But knowing certainly that the hero perseveres, and that it were a shame to turn back, we shall prove that Jesus is conqueror. I know it is not so difficult to with-

stand the world at large; but do not suffer yourselves to be betrayed by the religious world, which appears to many to be a glorious Christianity. Consider in everything that you say and do whether Jesus would act thus in your circumstances, and follow closely the guidance of his Spirit.

Do you sufficiently prize the blessing of knowing that God is come to destroy utterly the image of Adam in us, and to renew in us his likeness? How happy we are to have such confidence in Him that we are no longer obliged to do the devil's service! Could there be a harder slavery than to be united to even *one* sin, or to serve still only *one* evil motive? I have often said to my Saviour in secret, "Do with me what Thou wilt; no pruning will be unwelcome to me; I will receive all with the greatest joy from Thee, if Thou only wilt not let me and my children be servants of sin!" Is it not glorious, my beloved, that the true children of God are so happy that they give honor to their Saviour with joyful lips? Will you all rejoice Him and me by being judged only by Him? I cannot tell you how He leads. I have spoken to you of it a thousand times. I wish from my heart that you may all be immovable, and so firmly grounded on the rock, that neither wind nor rain

can have any effect, since you cling to it and not to yourselves. O that you may make each other ashamed of being fair-weather Christians! We can only honor the Lord by trusting to Him in all cases; by quietly leaving everything to Him, even though it be the conversion of souls. The different opinions among Christians deeply harassed me for some years. I did not mind the Babel in the world, but the Babel among Christians, who chatter about the various ways and leadings of God's grace as revealed in Christ to sinners, and yet neither possess nor understand it. If God had not given me grace not to attach myself to the Moravians, or to any other sect, I should have been a reed shaken hither and thither by the wind. Yet, though I am sure that if I had looked to any body of persons, I should never have reached the goal, I do not think that they can not find the way as well as we, if they suffer themselves to be led by the Spirit of Christ, and give themselves up entirely, learning that the followers of Jesus are no high people, but "dust," and so humbling themselves in everything.

There are few fishers who understand what is meant by letting down the net on the right side, and I think we have such a poor in-gathering, because in many places men seek money rather

than souls, while in others they concern themselves about the wool, and not about the sheep. If they had no remuneration but contempt, these fishers would become faint-hearted, because they have none of that love which is stronger than death. All my power consists in that love; it is the one lesson, and so is thought by many to be too simple.

How happy those warriors are who look at their commander rather than at the barricades! The Lord can not employ persons in his kingdom who are seeking their own glory. The world's cry is not "Hosanna," but "Crucify him, crucify him;" and this they are unable to bear.

Who alarmed you, dear children, about my being ill? I consider it to be God's true love which makes Him show you, from time to time, that I am mortal, and that if you cling to a straw, He can remove it in an instant; but I assure you that I am quite well and truly happy.

We could say to all souls, "Be obedient, and live in submission to God's word, instead of in complaining;" but a great deal more must accompany obedience to God's truth. You must all become more simple; it is a shame that those to whom Jesus is precious should draw so little power from the unseen world. We must strive

for the Divine image, and for holy minds, so that we may have no wills and wishes, but can bear tossing hither and thither, being freed from earthly love. During the whole week I have not been at all anxious as to what the Lord will do with you, but have asked Him for complete self-annihilation, as it is only through the complete destruction of the old nature that life in the Lord flourishes; and only those souls who can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," can understand what is meant by the words, "All things are become new."

CHAPTER X.

THOUGHTS BY DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

THE following thoughts have been culled from notes of remarks made by Dorothea Trudel on various occasions: —

I do not find in the Bible a single word that preaches condemnation to those who *wish* to be saved.

It is not the number or the greatness of our sins which causes our misery, but the not taking them to the Destroyer of sins, so as to make room for Him in our hearts.

To "be quiet" means to be content with all that God sends us.

There is a distinction between Christ dwelling in us and working in us.

We can not sing the new song with the old tongue.

We honor the Lord most by believing in his word.

The resignation of our wills is the true and acceptable offering.

True quiet does not consist in speaking little or nothing, but in repeating nothing evil, speaking nothing idle, being still amidst storms of trouble.

The light which is in us must shine and illuminate.

To be able to conquer the wolves, we must first become lambs.

The same Spirit which shows me my nothingness gives me strength to conquer.

Is it any wonder if our unbelief can not fathom the majesty of God?

Those who before their awakening bustle about in sin, are often afterward peculiarly bustling in spiritual matters; but quietness is according to God's Spirit.

The more we exercise our hearts in faith, the more will God work in us.

God can work no wonders where there are dead professors, but He will do much where there are living Christians.

There are emotional Christians, weather or barometer Christians, talking Christians, professing Christians, fanciful Christians, moaning Christians, fashionable Christians, formal Christians, and half Christians; but we ought to be believing, biblical,

apostolical, useful, reliable, whole-hearted Christians.

We may sit in darkness, providing the darkness does not sit in us.

The world is an arena of perpetual changes.

Men in their unconverted state can roam over the whole world for their objects and plans. Shall they not, then, when converted, do the same for the Lord's business? Yet how rarely is this the case!

The rich youth was sad because he had to lose something; some are joyful because they have lost all.

It is a shame that men every day prattle about grace, and yet continue in the same sins.

It is sad to see any one wishing to lead others to the Lord, while his own soul is unsaved.

Those that overcome stand before the throne of God, not those who are overcome.

We have true freedom when we shrink from anything which will dishonor the Saviour.

Conversion and change of opinion are two distinct things.

There are many ladies who water their flowers, and daily spend some hours over them. It would be far better if they would water the unheeded souls of their children and servants.

Whoever has a spirit of contradiction certainly does not manifest the Spirit of God.

Large collections are often made because the first donors are liberal, and so the others must be the same for credit's sake.

On the road to heaven there is only one command — "Forward."

We are dead and sleeping if the salvation of souls is not pressing day and night on our souls.

The religion which makes men hate the sinner, instead of the sin, is more pleasing to the devil than any play.

Is it a wonder that men get no peace, when they do not learn to conquer themselves?

In the refining of gold, the process only ends when the gold is so pure that the refiner can clearly see his image in it; and so the Saviour can only cease his purifying when He sees his likeness in a soul.

The usual cause of depression is because men will not give up sin — always praying, yet not abandoning evil, not letting themselves be uprooted.

Whoever desires the promises must follow the path of self-denial.

Our hearts ought not to be mere resting-places

where the Lord comes sometimes, but dwellings in which He abides.

Many pray that the Lord would use them as his instruments, who ought to pray first that they may become nothing.

That faith only is living which confides solely in Jesus.

Much trifling often enters into religious visits.

In the Old Testament, the face of Moses shone from constant intercourse with God. Shall we, then, in the New Testament, have dark faces? No; men should see by our countenances that we have a living Saviour.

Prayer is the true secret of educating children.

Those who are true Christians have not only been baptized by water, but also by the fire of the Spirit.

When we do not live according to the Bible, unbelievers may well think that there is no truth in it, for all ought to see in us that the Scriptures are truth, and that the same God works in us as in the prophets of old.

Thousands of false professors have more idols than the heathen.

We must be empty vessels, that God may fill us with Himself.

If love does not dwell in you, and constrain you to help other souls that they may be dragged out of the mire of sin, your Christianity is worth nothing. Where you see something wrong in your fellow-men, go with it to the Lord, and tell Him of it as if you had done it yourself. That would be so much better than proclaiming it to others; while you are doing the latter, you might have been praying to the Lord.

We must regard the world as nothing but a preparatory school for heaven.

It would not in the least help a thief if he were to moan and sob for twenty years because he had stolen. "Steal no more" is the repentance for him. In the same way it is useless for an impure person to lament, if he makes no change, and no effort to become pure. To acknowledge, confess, and forsake our sins is true repentance.

He who is divinely noble is the true servant of all servants. He will humble himself even to a Judas, and needs no waiting on.

Tenderness for ourselves does not agree with true service.

The gracious gift of the Spirit is the best dowry.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUANCE OF THE WORK AT MANNEDORF.

SINCE the death of Dorothea Trudel the work at Männedorf, associated with her name, has been carried on by Mr. Samuel Zeller in the same faithful spirit and with the like blessed results.

Mr. Zeller has furnished two reports, containing numerous interesting details of these labors. Like Dorothea Trudel, the means he uses are prayer and the laying on of hands. Although not despising those who add other remedies, he confines himself to the method indicated in James v.

On looking through the reports, we find mention made of numerous cases in which God has not appeared to answer the prayers offered, or, at least, not in the way expected; but, on the other hand, the instances are many in which, in response to be-

lieving supplication, most gracious answers were given, and spiritual and bodily health restored. The hand of God is no less traceable in the manner of some of these cures than in the variety of the diseases overcome, and the apparently hopeless condition of not a few of the sufferers.

No disease is found to be more obstinate than epilepsy, yet several instances are recorded of patients being restored to perfect health. Persons afflicted with mental disorders and convulsions are frequently brought to Männedorf, and many return cured or benefited. On one occasion a lady, who had been afflicted with constant headache for five years, found her disorder removed speedily under the influence of prayer. In other cases the passion for strong drink was taken away, fevers more or less severe disappeared, and the subjects of various kinds of chronic disease, even some apparently far gone in consumption, have found their strength return to them under the same influence. Unhappy victims of spiritualist delusions have found deliverance at the mercy-seat; and there, too, not a few souls in the bondage of sin, and in consequent darkness and misery, have rejoiced in a present Saviour, who has given them the freedom of his own dear children. One patient, afflicted with convulsions, who came several years successively

without being cured, at last confessed that she possessed a book of "charms," in which she put some degree of faith, as she had recommended them to others. She was led to see the folly and sin of such things, and soon after the book was burnt she was restored to health.

We can not insert in this volume all the numerous cases of cure mentioned in the reports. Some few instances, however, may be cited of the visible blessing with which the Lord has answered the prayers of his servants. When sufferers are unable to come to Männedorf, prayer is made in their behalf by the brethren and friends there, and gracious answers seem to be scarcely less frequent than when the patient is under the same roof. The first cases we shall mention are of this kind.

A brother, living at R——, was seized with a violent fever, and appeared to be at death's door. Intelligence having been sent to Männedorf, united prayer was made in his behalf, and very soon afterward a telegraphic message announced that he was recovering. On this occasion the promise was remembered with joy, "Before they call, I will answer."

Perhaps one of the most striking cases of blessing recorded is that of a lady, who was subject to

fits of insanity so violent that they threatened her life, and who was so far conscious of her miserable condition, that, happening to go into a meeting where she heard God's word, she requested to be prayed for. A friend wrote to Männedorf describing the case, and asking prayer on her behalf; and only a fortnight later the same friend communicated the happy news of her recovery. After a fit of unusual severity, she fell into a deep sleep, from which she awoke in her right mind. More than that, she was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus, and was now sitting at his feet, rejoicing in his love.

While the cure of the body is pleaded for by the brethren at Männedorf, the priceless interests of the soul are never forgotten; and often spiritual health is granted in conjunction with restored bodily power, or the former takes precedence of the latter.

A patient in the institution, who arrived unconverted, and was thought to be in a dying state, heard the good news of salvation, and was enabled to rejoice in the Lord through simple trust in Him; and from that moment she began rapidly to recover from her disorder, and soon became strong enough to nurse another patient.

Another remarkable case was that of a young

girl, who, in consequence of the breaking off of a marriage engagement, manifested decided symptoms of insanity. She not only recovered from her malady, but found the Saviour, and will, it is believed, be a living sacrifice to that Friend and Bridegroom who delivered her, and will never forsake her.

To show how awkwardly things come about when deceit and falsehood are employed, the case is mentioned of E—— S——, who was brought to the house by some one who had promised to take him for a pleasure trip. As his mental affliction rather increased than diminished at Männedorf, he was sent away, and while on his return journey, he jumped from the train, narrowly escaping with life. He gave as his reason for doing so his fear that they were taking him to a lunatic asylum, such was the effect the former deception had upon his mind.

Very interesting is the account of the cure of a French gentleman nearly seventy years of age, who came to Männedorf in a condition of great mental and bodily depression, and who returned home much benefited in bodily health, and in a very happy frame of mind. Soon after his return, he gathered together a number of ministers and friends, some of whom had prayed for his res-

toration, and testified to them of the goodness of God.

Perhaps in no case was the influence of prayer shown in a more clear and marked manner than in that which follows, although we are not told whether a complete cure was effected. A young man of extremely delicate constitution had fallen into such a weak state of health that he sat all day in a chair with closed eyes, incapable of moving himself, or of speaking otherwise than in a whisper. Prayer was made for him, and a gradual and decided improvement, described in successive letters from his friends, took place in his condition. The last letter speaks of him as having become strong enough to walk up and down the room for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, without assistance. His voice had been restored, and he was able to enjoy social intercourse with his family.

Another incident may be mentioned, which is thus related in a letter received by Mr. Zeller: —

"In answer to your prayers for our niece, I must thankfully tell you her eyes are so much better that the doctor this morning told her to thank God for having saved her from the most dangerous kind of cataract. While examining her eyes, the doctor, who is a Jew, took up a book lying near, and opening it, told her to try and read, which she was

able to do with ease. It was a hymn-book, and the first words on which her eyes fell were these :—

'Christ Jesus, glorious King of light,
Great Conqueror, David's Heir,
Come now, and give my blind eyes sight!
O Saviour, hear my prayer!'

"'That will do,' said the doctor; 'you are much better.' I, for my part, hastened to my chamber, and, shutting the door, fell on my knees with a cry of joyful praise."

The good work has not been carried on without some show of opposition. One day an anonymous letter, purporting to be written in the name of eight heads of families, was sent to Mr. Zeller, calling upon him either to leave Männedorf, or to buy land and build houses for his institution, alleging that the poor villagers were much oppressed by the increased rents consequent on the influx of visitors; and threatening that, if he did not leave, the houses inhabited by the patients would some evening be smeared with pitch, and set on fire. "You can not prevent this by prayer," the writer added; "we have taken an oath to do it." Mr. Zeller was strongly impressed that he ought to take no notice of this communication, but to remain quiet, trusting in the Lord. He did so, and

although other anonymous letters have reached him, the threat referred to has not been carried out.

Meanwhile, patients continue to press into Männedorf, and, in consequence of the limited accommodation, many have had to go away. Mr. Zeller feels the need of larger houses, but is waiting till the Lord may please to send the means, convinced that it is not according to the Master's will that he should incur debt.

Apart from the special work of the institution, Mr. Zeller's time has been much occupied in labors of a purely spiritual or evangelistic character. Some of the surrounding villages exhibit a remarkable eagerness to hear God's truth, and frequently invite Mr. Zeller to hold meetings. A wide door of usefulness has thus been opened to him, and he has not failed to enter it. In his account of this branch of the work, we hear with pain the old cry that the harvest is indeed great, but the laborers extremely few.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORK UNDER SAMUEL ZELLER.

THE institution where Dorothea had so often offered the "prayer of faith" continues its usefulness to the present time. The reader who has followed its history, as developed in the preceding pages, has learned how earnestly and constantly Dorothea prayed that the same spirit and faith might be granted to Samuel Zeller, her adopted son and successor.

The previous chapter has shown how the Lord has answered these prayers. The Christian graces named by St. Paul seem to be increasing daily, in proportion as the accession of poor sufferers claims more and more help. Samuel Zeller is a son of the well-known founder of the reformatory at Beuggen, near Basle, and the brother-in-law of Bishop Gobat, at Jerusalem. The establishment at Männedorf, well organized, still remains (1872) under the di-

rection of this gifted young man and his sister, Miss Zeller. They are further assisted by four pious men and several elderly women, all of whom have been healed at the establishment. The same holy zeal inspires these co-workers, which is, to serve Christ by nursing the sick, the maniac, the hypochondriac, with that same untiring love with which they had been nursed themselves, when afflicted by terrible diseases and mental delusions of various kinds.

It is very edifying for any stranger to see them devoting their time and faculties to the relief of troublesome patients, without ever expecting the least compensation for their services. Even the faithful servants in the kitchen department, hard as their task is to provide food for one hundred and fifty people daily, do it all without remuneration, as done to the Lord, not unto man.

It is important for Christians to know on what basis the work of healing by prayer is now carried on at Männedorf, so as to produce such marvelous results; and we give the following statement, made by a lady, who visited the institution in the fall of 1871, as showing the governing principle of the institution.

Bodily and mental sufferings may be divided into three classes — 1. The evils we bring upon our-

selves through pride, envy, over-susceptibility, bad temper, idle fancies, intemperance, vice, avarice, etc.; 2. The maladies which are sent by God for a time, either to bring whole families to a sense of their utter dependence on Him, or to remind Christians that, without sanctification, no man shall see the Lord; in general, to purify the soul; 3. That mysterious infirmity of body or mind that must be borne, like St. Paul's (2 Cor. xii.). All these cases are dealt with according to circumstances. They are rarely prayed for UNCONDITIONALLY. The soul, however, is invariably made the subject of supplication.

Among the various pilgrims that come to Männedorf, there are two distinct classes — those who are abandoned by physicians or sent away from hospitals as incurable, and those whose aim it is to refresh their souls under the holy influence of the gospel. The poor are all lodged at the establishment, whilst those belonging to the upper classes find very good accommodation in the village. The meals, however, are taken in common, and always presided over by Samuel Zeller. Some, who can afford to pay a trifle toward their maintenance, give weekly from five to eight shillings, but a good number remain at the house for months, without being charged anything either for board or lodging.

The finances of this household are often very low, as no money is collected for the institution. God always sends help in time, and thereby confirms the truth of the words, "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble;" "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and what he layeth out shall be paid him again."

The regulations of the house are as follows: In the morning, after seven o'clock, a simple breakfast is served, consisting of bread and good coffee. At eight o'clock the bell summons everybody to the chapel adjoining the Home, whence patients in a weak state, are carried and comfortably seated before the throng of visitors fill the space. According to the custom of German Switzerland, a hymn is sung in four parts, and so beautifully rendered, that many a deranged brain, many agitated souls, are soothed by the sweet sounds. Then Samuel Zeller begins to read aloud some of the numerous letters that are daily addressed to him from different places and countries; appeals for intercessory prayers in behalf of sufferers that are unable to come to Männedorf, or interesting reports of brethren and friends, who wish to acknowledge their gratitude and praise for the removal of heavy burdens, sickness, and besetting

sins. Names of such persons are not revealed to the congregation.

By communicating such marvelous instances of the Lord's direct help, Mr. Zeller wishes to lead his flock to increased simple faith in God, and to that love which prompts Christians to relieve the sorrows of others as willingly as if they were their own. "Bring everything before the throne of grace, without wavering. Remember Luther, of whom it was said, There comes a man along the street who can have anything of God he likes."

Fervent prayer is then offered for special cases, at home and abroad, in which every hearer becomes interested, and after the reading of a chapter appropriate to circumstances, Mr. Zeller at once applies the Scriptures to his audience, and penetrates the inner shrine of the heart by unvailing its hidden windings — all the aberrations that keep us away from Christ. Like an anatomist that points out the real cause of the sore, he illustrates facts that have been witnessed by all, startling realities, fatal illusions that destroy faith, and with the light of the word of God, pulls to pieces everything that belongs to self, be it formal piety, want of trust in the Lord, disguised pride, or love of money — in short, his appeal is so direct (in the name of Jesus Christ), that earnest Christians, like

the publican, become humbler, and hardened sinners are led to Christ. The effusion of the Holy Spirit is felt throughout; the Lord is shown in the fullness of his power — to love, to save, and to nourish poor wandering souls. The most faint-hearted,* that brood constantly over melancholy thoughts, feel themselves lifted up on a higher platform, whence the eye of faith catches one sunbeam after another, till the full light shines into the darkest corner, and disperses every trace of distrust.

The morning service ends with singing, and as the floors of the lunatics' rooms have open gratings in the ceiling of the chapel, the patients enjoy the soothing influence of choral music, even if they do not avail themselves of the privilege of listening to prayer and meditation. There are several harmoniums about the houses in which the patients are nursed, and singing tends more or less to counteract the evil inspirations that torment the mind. When Mr. Zeller goes about the rooms of the insane, laying on hands and praying, he not unfrequently meets with great resistance. After persevering prayer, however, the violence of the evil spirit seems to abate, and Mr. Zeller is per-

* There are always a great many patients at Männedorf who suffer from depression of spirits.

mitted to speak freely to the poor sufferers. The untiring patience and the great affection with which they are at all times treated, predispose some to hear the message of peace gladly, whilst others continue in a state of obstinacy and wickedness.

At one o'clock the dinner-bell summons everybody to the dining-room. You find here, side by side, refined ladies and gentlemen, artisans, farmers, silk-weavers, scholars, and clergymen, who live together in great harmony, acknowledging by the fact THAT WORLDLY DISTINCTIONS ARE OUT OF PLACE IN A HOUSEHOLD WHERE THE LORD'S PRESENCE IS DESIRED AND POWERFULLY MANIFESTED. The new comer, to whatever nation he may belong, feels at home in this atmosphere of love, and many, who only intend to stay a few days, prolong their sojourn to weeks.

In the afternoon most of the inmates of the establishment walk about the wooded hills, or choose some beautiful spot near the church, above the village, and admire the picturesque view of the Lake of Zurich, the snow-capped mountains, and the clear, blue sky.

At five o'clock there is a daily prayer-meeting, attended by all sorts of patients, especially by those laboring under mental delusions. The inter-

cessory prayers that are offered on these occasions by brothers and sisters are truly heart-rending, and remind one of the apostolic times when the first Christians pleaded for each other under similar circumstances. Nor are such supplications in vain nowadays. God is pleased to grant health and vigor to many of the above-mentioned sufferers. He restores the mind to such as have been deprived of reason for years, and fills their souls with that peace which passeth all understanding.

It is a great privilege to live some time at this place, and to watch the gradual result of the Lord's mercy — the healing of those that have been despaired of by physicians. Besides Samuel Zeller, there are four co-helpers, as already mentioned, who lay on hands, and plead for others; but, none of them profess to have the gift of healing, and when questioned about these miracles, merely answer, —

"It is faith and trust in the Lord's power. He works according to his good pleasure; we are but redeemed sinners, who try to follow his precept: Love thy neighbor as thyself.

"People need not come to Männedorf in order to get well in body and mind. Let them unreservedly believe God's holy promises, and they will experience the same blessed results in any part of the world."

There are no formal rules in this Home, and yet there is perfect order throughout the three houses. An air of quiet peace fills the whole establishment, and never fails to influence the most indifferent visitors.

After a very substantial evening meal, which is served before seven o'clock, it is often a great pleasure to belong to one of the groups which gather round Samuel Zeller, for he is then disposed to talk of personal experiences, of his missionary labors in six out-stations on the Lake of Zurich and in Glarus, and of various other topics. This is the only time when he enjoys a little recreation; for besides the arduous duties that await him day by day, he is called upon by so many travelers, who want advice and consolation, that at certain seasons he finds hardly a moment for his meals, and very few hours for his rest at night. However, the involuntary statements and confessions which are made to him by the people attending his addresses, contribute so much to his knowledge of the human heart, that he reads the unwritten moral history of almost everybody, without any particular information.

The evening service, from nine to ten o'clock, is frequented by many of the villagers; therefore the singing (in four parts) adds a great deal to the

edification of the patients. Zeller's gift of interpreting Scripture, and of applying it to his hearers so as to humble them to the dust, is generally acknowledged, for even the highest dignitary of the Lutheran Church listened to him with intense interest, and said, "Where the Holy Spirit speaks with so much power, we can do no better but obey his teaching. Critical analysis is out of the question."

Great experience teaches him that there exist as many maladies in the soul as there are diseases in the body; and though he maintains that, through faith, we might live close to Jesus, and enjoy every perfect gift, yet daily occurrences show him that believers fall short of this standard, and allow their souls to be secretly anchored to sin. Gloom and unsoundness of mind and heart would not be so frequent among us, nor reach that climax where all control over their actions is lost, if the "care of souls" were properly attended to among Christians themselves. The first symptoms of disorder in the mind ought to be counteracted by judicious treatment, and by frequent intercessory prayers. Satan takes advantage of weakness, and tries to get full possession of the soul. Therefore his power must be opposed; the patient must be brought in contact with the Holy Spirit, and

prayed for according to the Scriptures, till the hostile power is removed, and the heart enabled to serve the living God.

We have already narrated some of the answers to the prayer of faith, which have been granted in the healing or relief of the sick at Männedorf, since the institution has been under its present head; and the following cures, witnessed by a lady who has recently visited the institution, will show that the prayer of faith continues to be answered, whether it be offered for the conversion of souls, or for the healing of the body:—

The parents of a young lady from Neuchâtel sent a letter, requesting Mr. Zeller to implore God's mercy in her behalf, stating that she was possessed of a bad spirit, which obliged her to beat herself and to knock her head against the wall, or, if prevented, to hurt those that came into the room. The parents had consulted many physicians in the neighborhood, but with no results, till at last the state of things became so bad that they entreated Mr. Zeller to pray for her recovery. This was done at several daily prayer-meetings; but at the same time it was thought necessary to receive more information concerning the antecedents of this afflicted family. As the news was far from giving any satisfaction, showing that the par-

ents had much on their conscience, &c., Mr. Zeller began to pray first for her father and mother, that God might bring their hearts to a real repentance, and to a sound state of faith in Jesus Christ. When he heard that the Lord had wrought in their souls, he changed the course of his prayers in favor of the daughter, and in a very short time the congregation at Männedorf were permitted to thank God for her complete recovery (September, 1871).

An elderly lady, from St. Gall, was brought to Männedorf, whose mind was at times out of order. The terrors of hell haunted her at night, and, in spite of all the spiritual help that was offered to her, she continued in a state of rebellion. One night Samuel Zeller prayed with her till nearly eleven o'clock, insisting on her revealing any crime or heavy burden which might hinder the Holy Spirit working in her. She left him without saying a word. And after midnight, whilst Samuel Zeller was still engaged answering important letters, he heard a fall and a groan in front of the house. Instantly he rushed down stairs, and found that the lady had jumped out of the window from the third floor. When carried up to her room, very little hurt, she made a full confession, stating that Satan had persuaded her rather to die than to tell that she had withheld large sums of money from her

nearest relatives. The fact that she was not killed convinced her that God was all-powerful, and always willing to rescue poor sinners, even if they had been consciously serving the Evil One for twenty years. After she had unburdened her conscience, and craved for the "free pardon" which is offered through the blood of Christ, she found peace. The money was, of course, restored to the rightful owners. Though exposed to shame and contempt, she bore her lot patiently, adoring the God of all mercy who had preserved her from everlasting death.

A Swedish nobleman, father of three children, had met with misfortunes that completely destroyed his health. The nerves were so excited that he talked without ceasing, and though his reason was not deranged, he could not find any sleep for years. The best help was called for, but no treatment seemed to procure him either rest or sleep. This autumn he came to Männedorf with a shattered frame and a very sad countenance. He knew that if this state continued, his reason must give way. After a week's time, when he had more or less accustomed himself to the climate and to the simple habits of country people, he was prayed for specially; and already, after the first laying on of hands by Mr. Zeller, which lasted half an hour in the middle

of the day, the weary patient had a whole night's sleep, and felt very much relieved. He prays himself that God may be pleased to restore his health and spirits; but he will remain under treatment till he is quite well (October, 1871).

A married lady, from Bâle, Switzerland, was brought to Männedorf, whose peculiar kind of insanity had been declared "incurable." She is now, after nine months' stay, perfectly well in mind and body, and ready to return to her family (October, 1871).

Mrs. D——, living close to Mr. Zeller's establishment, fell ill last winter (1870), and as her husband insisted on consulting a physician, she submitted, though she would rather have applied to one of the "praying sisters," her neighbors. For six weeks she lingered on, and when they saw that there was no hope for her recovery, another physician was sent for. He, too, said she could not live over night, as mortification had already seized the bowels. In this last extremity, her sister desired to send for "Netli," the nurse, who had been trained by Dorothea Trudel. She immediately repaired to the death-bed, laid hands on the body, and prayed, whilst the members of Mrs. D——'s family gave way to the deepest affliction, because no one believed that God's power was unlimited, and that it

was possible to revive her. In the morning the patient was well, and continues to be well to this day. She is now at the head of a large business, and when spoken to about this wonderful healing, she points upward to heaven, and entreats people to depend more habitually on the Lord.

The instances in which God's hand interposed are too numerous to be told here. Besides, Mr. Zeller is of opinion that such a work ought to go on quietly, without any publicity, as he even objects to give a yearly report. However, it may lead many to recognize the higher privileges of Christians, as well as the responsibility of living faith in Jesus Christ. The truth that "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much" is further illustrated by the following examples: —

A wealthy man, by profession a butcher, was sent to Männedorf, and recommended to be closely watched, in consequence of his mania to attempt suicide. Five times he had so nearly killed himself — once by cutting his throat — that it was marvelous how God had prevented the misfortune taking place. After a few months' daily contact with Mr. Zeller, and two keepers, who are full of the Holy Spirit, he submitted soul and body to our Saviour, was converted, and able not only to return home, but to resume his business. He has, of

course, plenty of knives at his disposal, but the tempter is overcome.

In different diseases or maladies, according to the scriptural command, oil is applied to the afflicted part before the imposing of hands. Very often the conversion precedes the healing of the body, but not in all cases.

An elderly lady, living at Männedorf, suffered the most excruciating pain from a sore, or abscess, on her tongue. The physician who attended her was at a loss what remedy to apply, as nothing could alleviate the pain. After ten days' patience, the lady sent for Netli, and, although it was a thing of long duration, prayer was heard, and the cure effected in a few days. It made, however, no impression on her soul.

The number of those who, by Zeller's preaching and example, have been led to Christ is very great. Theory and practice go here hand in hand. He keeps close to Scripture, and shoots very sharp arrows at those who professedly take Christ as their Saviour without living under divine constraint, under the guidance and obedience of the Holy Spirit.

"It is comparatively easy to those," he says, "to explain the way of salvation; to speak a great deal about spiritual religion; to do the outward

service of the church; to visit the sick in workhouses and hospitals, and spread the truth by the help of evangelists; but it is a different thing to show by your daily walk at home that the love of Jesus constraineth you; to give up acting according to *natural*, human impulse; to crucify old inclinations by conforming ourselves unto the image of Christ, by taking up the cross and following Him, bringing up children under proper discipline, instead of living for the moment, and hindering the Spirit from acting on our consciences. Where there is *real, living faith*, there is also power over sin and Satan. People are afraid to put the pruning-knife to their own wound. They ask, indeed, for grace to overcome, in general, anything that might offend Christ, but find it very hard to enter into any struggle against the inborn nature, and finally console themselves that they are weak. Where is their love to Christ? Let us not miss his teaching, after we have accepted pardon and peace. The carnal heart must be mortified, and the will of the flesh subdued. Our inner life ought to undergo a sound development, pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord, that the life also of Jesus may be manifest in our body. Where this is lost sight

of and neglected, or only taken up by fits and starts, we must not wonder that Satan gets more hold on us every day. We need not be slaves to our nature, if we know that by faith we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

If any further testimony were needed as to the work at Männedorf, witnesses in abundance could be produced. The editor of the present volume will add nothing further than the following letter recently received by him, and which is interesting as showing not only the growth of the institution founded by Miss Trudel, but that the work is spreading in other directions. The writer says, —

"Having obtained some particulars respecting the establishment opened by Miss Trudel from persons who have visited it, and confirm the statements regarding it, I venture to transcribe them for your perusal.

"A lady, resident in Switzerland, thus wrote me, some few months since: 'Trying to fulfill your commission with respect to Männedorf, I went to call on Mons. Graf, who, with his wife, were there a considerable time before they opened a small house of the same kind at Carouge, near Geneva. It seems that Mons. Zeller was overwhelmed the past winter and spring, so great a number of sick

and anxious came to the village. One day in the week only is given to the correspondence, and it is always in arrears. The establishment consists of five or six houses in the village, and, besides, the inhabitants let rooms to strangers, as the houses are generally more than full. There is a large hall for worship, in which Mons. Z. preaches at nine o'clock every morning. The brethren and sisters mostly pray during preaching and worship; he and they impose their hands on those sick who desire it. I asked, "With what intention is this done?" The reply was, "The anointing with oil and imposition of hands, with prayer, is practiced in obedience to the command given." I do not think they look for miraculous cures by this means, only that great blessing, temporal and spiritual, is given in answer to believing prayer.

"'Madame Graf said further, visitors — i. e., persons stopping in the village and attending worship — may not, unless they wish, even form acquaintance with Mons. Z. or the brethren and sisters; but his preaching is almost sure to rouse the conscience. Other preachers often speak more of the love of God; his may be compared to a brush, which, applied to even a clean-looking garment, will bring out much dust — most searching, both to sinners and saints. The house is a house of prayer; they

pray in the chambers by night, by day. Many consciences are stirred. As a consequence, much repentance, casting out of hidden sins, and then often peace unknown before, is obtained. Those who can, pay ten francs a week for board, but many pay nothing. These last have meat and wine only three times a week; otherwise, the diet being better than their home fare, they would be tempted to stay unnecessarily. Wealthy persons may, and often do, assist the house by paying, besides their own, the board of one or more sick in the houses. All, even the insane, are encouraged, as much as strength permits, to be at the worship.

"'No medicine whatever is administered, but attention is paid to hygienic arrangements; and since the last lawsuit, a medical man, by order of the court, visits once a month to see to this. As yet he has done no more, and they have had nothing to complain of in his conduct.

"'The worship, unhappily for me, at least, is all in German; but one or two speak French. This, however, diminished my regret at being unable to get a bed. My impression was, like that of Madame Graf, that conviction of sin is very thorough. Some of the brethren have much power in reading hearts and faces, and they speak *tête-à-tête* with much fidelity. In the few hours

spent there, I got some truly useful and Christian advice.'

"An English lady, who knew Dorothea Trudel in Switzerland, said, 'As to the book, it was a faithful account without exaggeration.' She was also acquainted with the gentleman who was cured of lameness in answer to Dorothea's prayers. He is the son of wealthy parents, and is now an ordained minister in Switzerland, his native land. This lady gave a most graphic verbal account of her visit to the institution."

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